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SOME TALES *of* SOUTHINGTON

Warren C. Trumbull

An Account of Some Old Tales, Legends and True Stories of Southington

MCMXXXV

THE PRINCE PUBLISHING COMPANY
SOUTHINGTON, CONNECTICUT

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PRESS OF THE PRINCE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A Dedication

To Southington: to those who played a role in its glorious past; to the success of its future generations; to those who are now striving for its welfare; we dedicate "Some Tales of Southington."

Foreword

THE PASSAGE of years touches the events of a bygone day with glowing colors, blacking out the drab periods of monotony, hardship and heartache and painting brightly the ephemeral successes, deeds of heroism and the unusual. Histories bring us the facts of events that have taken place, dealing equally with the good and the bad, the common and the strange and the big and the small. Yet, in spite of their detail, there is something lost in the narration of facts as generation succeeds generation. The mental picture that is formed as we read of the past happenings in history books appears colorless and in two dimensions, like a badly taken photograph. To the average person that something that is lost in the dry facts of history is Romance.

Years ago written histories were not as many or as available as they are today. Stories, legends and historical data were handed down by word-of-mouth and family documents from father to son and from mother to daughter. Many of the stories that appear in this volume have been authenticated by fragmentary family documents, treasured letters and diaries. Some of the stories of events long past and of people long dead existed only in the minds of the older persons and, as they were told and re-told, were changed and enlarged.

Gradually many of the stories were lost as modern times produced books by the thousands. The old fireplace with the venerable story-teller was succeeded by the modern library. Many of those who knew the early stories of Southington

have reached old age. Soon there will be none left who remember the old anecdotes and legends and they will disappear forever. Then, indeed, the Romance of the past will have become irretrievably lost to posterity.

And so it is with the intent that some of these old stories shall not be lost and that the Romance of Southington's history shall be rescued for present and future generations that "Some Tales of Southington" comes into being.

In presenting these stories, we have dramatized the events as they actually happened, reconstructing the scenes from true facts and rounding out each story with authentic historical data.

Some of the tales in this collection of stories, such as "Hannah Woodruff, Heroine," and "How Southington Was Named," contain valuable historical data. But we assure you that there is no intent on the part of the editor to make a history of this collection. Every effort has been made, however, to check the facts presented.

There has been no attempt to give space to all the old tales of Southington in this volume. Such a task would be well-nigh impossible since many of them died with those who lived many years ago and space limits us to only fifteen stories. There are many others that lie buried among family belongings and some may never be brought to light save by accident. But, if this first volume meets with the approval of its readers, it will be followed by others volumes of stories presented in a similar manner.

If "Some Tales of Southington" interests you; if it brings pictures or memories of the past

events and people who have gone; if it perpetuates a few old stories; if it restores and helps to continue the Romance of the past; then it has accomplished its purpose.

* * *

Southington may well be proud of its past, for it contains glorious records of the struggle of its sons against man, beast and nature. Many a Southington native has become well-known throughout the entire country for his achievements and many an event of nation-wide importance has taken place here.

From Southington, in the early half of the nineteenth century, came Benjamin D. Beecher, who is believed to have invented the first screw-propeller in the world for boats and also constructed a fanning mill, an invention which separated grain from chaff and dirt. The first cement made in this country which would harden under water was the product of two Southington men, Gad Andrews and Anson Merriman. The first machine for making carriage bolts was given to the world by Micah Rugg of Southington and the very foundation of the bolt and nut industry in the United States was laid here. Southington played a part in the disastrous Farmington Canal venture and her native sons played more successful parts in the wars of the country. Pioneers, leaders of industry, inventors and soldiers are on Southington's honor roll. Their names and deeds are faithfully recorded in histories and need no mention here.

* * *

It was only through the whole-hearted coop-

eration and the ready assistance of the many persons who aided in the collection and writing of the stories that "Some Tales of Southington" was made possible.

Many drew upon their own memory to supply us with needed information while others gave us access to treasured family documents and books. Some, while not furnishing us with actual data, gave us valuable information concerning various sources where we might find what we sought, and are in no less degree responsible for our success in finding and writing the stories in this book.

We gratefully acknowledge the favors received from the following: Charles H. Tolles, Edwin S. Todd, Miss Catherine A. Gardner, Mrs. R. E. Upson, Charles L. Russell, Miss Frances M. Gridley, Mrs. Mary E. Gridley, Miss Eunice MacKenzie, Judge Thomas F. Welch, Paul Woodruff, Mrs. Henry B. Armstrong, Mrs. Ellen W. Beach, Dwight H. Bennett, Mrs. Lucretia A. Cummings, Mrs. Betsy Haviland, Edward I. Pierce, Charles B. Wallace, Miss Frances Walkley, Albert C. Bates, librarian of the Connecticut Historical Society, and Professor George M. Dutcher of Wesleyan University.

Warren C. Brainerd,
Editor.

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Pudding Hill

SAMUEL WOODRUFF returned to his home in Farmington from a hunting trip with an important decision already made in his mind. Farmington was a nice place, but it did not seem to offer the opportunity for the kind of life he desired. A large, powerful man, extremely good natured, he would rather hunt and fish than settle down to the more prosaic life of a farmer.

The southern portion of Farmington, the sequestered land which the eighty-four proprietors had deemed unsuitable for their needs, was a mecca for hunters, trappers and fishers, both white and native. Moose, deer, rabbits, raccoon, minx, otter and beaver were plentiful. Wild turkey, partridge, quail, snipe, wild duck and geese were present in large numbers during the various seasons. Wild pigeon flocks sometimes darkened the sky.

The sequestered lands were continually luring Woodruff from his home in Farmington. He spent several seasons with the Indians who came from miles around to hunt and fish and he finally became so delighted with its charms that he decided to move there. It was with this decision that he returned to his family in Farmington after one of his hunting trips.

It was in 1698 that Samuel Woodruff moved his family, consisting then of his wife and six children, to the southern part of Farmington and became its first white settler. He built his house on what was later to be known as Pudding Hill. Apparently he had no desire to cultivate the land

so he simply picked out a pleasant spot and exercised the right of possession.

Although his powerful physique, his prowess with weapons and his fearlessness won the respect and sometimes the fear of his Indian neighbors, his generosity and kindness engendered a feeling of friendship. His wife, a hardy, kindly woman, was ever ready to aid her dusky neighbors, who spent much time in the vicinity. When they were ill, she and her husband often went to great trouble to aid them and the Woodruffs were soon regarded with real affection.

Life was no bed of roses for the Woodruffs, but Samuel gloried in it. Hunting, trapping and fishing were excellent within a short distance of his home. Dangerous animals, wolves, bobcats, bears and panthers, sometimes invaded the vicinity, although they usually remained on the other side of the river. Their nearness, however, made it necessary to be armed when he went too far from his home. Then, too, it was sometimes necessary to shake out the blankets so as to be sure no poisonous snake lay coiled in them. For that matter, any kind of reptile made an unpleasant bedfellow.

To the sequestered lands, from time to time, came other settlers. Some of them followed the example of Mr. Woodruff and hunted and fished for their existence. Others, more inclined to agriculture, cleared the lands and sowed crops. The supply of game, with the invasion of the white man, decreased as the animals were killed or frightened from the section. Farming soon grew to be a necessity.

Little was feared from the Indians who frequented the sequestered lands. Their friendship had been won by the Woodruffs. Marauding tribes from distant places were, however, an unpleasant possibility. A stone fort was built near Woodruff's home against this possibility and a palisade fort was also constructed. Isaak Newell, one of the early settlers, enclosed his home with a palisade.

The majority of the settlers who followed Woodruff's lead came from Farmington, although a few Waterbury and Wallingford families decided to cast their lot with those who were developing the section. Some of the first settlers' names were: Andrews, Hart, Gridley, Newell, Lewis, Langdon, Root, Barnes and Clark.

* * *

There was one gentleman in the little community who had always aroused considerable curiosity because of his eccentricities. This inhabitant, whose name was Tufts, grew so weary of life that he became determined to "shuffle off this mortal coil."

Having made up his mind to die, his next problem was to decide the manner of his leave-taking. A survey revealed the fact that those who perished by the cold suffered but little pain and he concluded that the best solution to his problem was to freeze to death.

The motive and the method having been established, the next step was the act. No one knows whether he arrived at his decision in the winter or the summer. In the case of the latter, the poor man had to wait for nature to aid him.

At any rate, he went out into the severity of winter and seated himself at a point where a cold "northwester" blew fair upon him and awaited the accomplishment of his purpose. He presented a strange spectacle as he sat with his body cringing from the biting, cold wind.

Some time passed, but the shivering man remained steadfast to his purpose. After a while, however, he discovered that the virtues of death by freezing had been grossly over-rated. He found the severity of the weather so uncomfortable that he was induced to go into the house, declaring that it was actually too cold to freeze to death and that he wished for a great coat and mittens to make his exit in a more comfortable manner.

* * *

Neighbors were not a drug on the market and the homes were few and sometimes far between. Because of their isolation, they frequently felt the need of social gatherings. The small neighborhood was bound by ties of consanguinity of marriage and, in the fullness of their hospitality, they congregated after the manner of Job's sons and daughters. It was the custom for each family to take its turn and each tried to out-do the other. There was usually a feast supplemented by punch. Games, wrestling matches and shooting matches provided excellent entertainment. The shooting matches with rifles were infrequent for powder and ball were not to be wasted in such a manner. The bow and arrow of the Indian were less expensive and many became proficient in its use. Following the feast, the older folks usually gathered

around the punch bowl and regaled each other with stories.

On one occasion, the mother of the family in charge of the gathering decided to put the other families to shame by the extent of her hospitality. Accordingly a huge fire was built out-of-doors and a pudding, probably the largest ever made, was cooked. The pudding took nearly the entire larder to make and a special receptacle had to be built to cook it. This mother was known for her excellent cooking and she possessed a secret which was lost to later housewives. It was a boiled Indian pudding and, unlike later Indian puddings, it was firm and held the shape of the receptacle in which it was cooked. What the secret ingredient was which caused the pudding to retain its shape future generations were to search for in vain. The later puddings were mushy, rather dejected looking specimens with practically no backbone.

This particular pudding was prepared in such dimensions that, when it was laid on its side, a man could not reach the top. The doorway of the log house was not large enough to admit it to the interior but this was a matter of small import. The huge pudding was transported to the summit of the hill and an open air feast planned.

The pudding would provide food for the meal but something was needed to wash it down. The achievement of the gargantuan dish must not be dimmed by an unsuitable companion. Accordingly sixty gallons of punch were prepared and, still steaming, placed in a large hogshead.

The neighbors congregated and gasped their surprise and admiration at the proportions of the

huge pudding. The proud cook was overwhelmed with congratulations.

"Draw around and help yourselves to such as you like best," invited the matron when the dinner hour arrived. Help yourself to such as you like best! There was but one dish and the older folks drew around to eat their fill. Each took his knife and sank it deep into the savory pudding. Huge slabs were cut out and passed to the women and then the men sliced out their own requirements.

Hearty eaters that they were and with their appetites whetted by exercise and anticipation, they made a praiseworthy effort to do justice to the cook. When they had filled themselves to their capacity, a considerable inroad had been made but the bulk of the pudding still defied their stomachs.

The older persons moved slowly away from the pudding and wandered towards the hogshead of punch. Settling themselves comfortably, they managed to make room for the warm drink. Then followed tales of past happenings, each one growing more extravagant as the punch pushed back the limits of their imaginations.

In the meantime, room had been made for the children who had stayed in the background and watched with envious eyes and watering mouths the feasting of the older persons. With loud cries they decended upon, or rather ascended to the pudding.

Being smaller than their parents and larger brothers and sisters, they were unable to attack the pudding at the top and consequently burrowed

into the sides and bottom. Their happy shouts reached the older folks as the latter lazily listened to the story-tellers. The pudding itself tottered unsteadily on its base as the continued assaults undermined it.

Finally the majority of the children reached a point where another mouthful was to be desired but was not physically possible. Three of them, smaller tots who had been pushed to the outside during the first gustatorial attacks, found themselves unhampered and climbed almost underneath the tasty structure for a few more mouthfuls.

Suddenly the huge pudding tottered and, almost completely undermined, slumped down on the three unfortunate youngsters, wholly engulfing them. The other children attempted to extricate them from their plight but were unsuccessful. They ran shrieking to the older folks and, after a moment's confusion, succeeded in making known the nature of the catastrophe.

Men and women rushed to the pudding and a few seconds later managed to drag the imprisoned children from its embrace. But it was too late. The children had been smothered to death!

And so a woman's pride led to the death of three youngsters and the naming of a hill for henceforth the scene of the tragedy was called "Pudding Hill."

Editor's note—The story of the huge pudding from which the hill was supposedly named was taken from a series of historical sketches written by a person who signed the sketches "S. W. Jr." Whether or not this person was Samuel Woodruff, Junior, is not known but he is believed

by a number of persons to have written the sketches. He says that the happening was supposed to have taken place in some "remote period," lessening the assumption that he was the son of the original Samuel Woodruff who settled the town. He states that the story is a legend handed down through the years at the fireside story-telling sessions. The story is obviously a legend that arose from some happening in the past and which successive tellings have distorted into the exaggerated and tragic but altogether delightful account above. The story might have started from the belief that Samuel Woodruff served his friends Indian meal pudding when they visited him.

A more probable explanation of the naming of "Pudding Hill" lies in the fact that a type of rock, called "pudding stone," has been found on the hill. The hill itself is located southeast of the town farm on Pleasant street and near the present home of William Hatton.

The exact date of the settling in this section by Samuel Woodruff has not been thoroughly established by any records available to the editor but the chronological sequence of following events places the date at about 1698.

The story of Tufts and his unsuccessful suicide is said to have been, "often related as a matter of fact," by John Warner Barber in his Connecticut Historical Collections (Published in 1838).

How Southington Was Named

RELIGIOUS enthusiasm ran high in Farmton in the year 1720. The settlers in the southern portion of the town were especially zealous. They must needs be for the nearest church was in Farmington center, approximately eleven miles away.

This southern part of Farmington, originally called the sequestered lands by the eighty-four proprietors who had set out from Hartford years before, went nameless for many years. One day a man from Wallingford came up to the "great plain" to plough some ground, intending to cultivate it and plant crops. The heat on that summer's day was great and both the man and his cattle felt it intensely. When he returned home he described the heat to his friends by saying that it was so hot "the cattle panted to the end of their horns." This saying soon spread throughout the section and the district became widely known as "Panthorne."

Sunday found the families in Panthorne up and about early in the morning. A peep into the home of one family shows the mother and oldest daughter busy cleaning up the four younger brothers and sister for church. The cleaning was more or less of a rite which habit had fostered on the unlucky youngsters for they would be dusty and dirty long before they reached the church. The father and the oldest son were busy doing the chores for the homestead would be left alone most of the day.

Following an early breakfast, the family set out on the long trip to the church. The mother and the two youngest children were placed on a horse, which was equipped with a pillion. This was a platform in the front and rear of the saddle and sometimes five persons would travel in this manner on one horse. Stumps, rocks and streams on the way to Farmington center made it impractical to go by cart.

After some hours the family arrived in Farmington and enjoyed the long services the more because of their long trip. After church, they repeated their trip and returned home after nightfall.

Strange as it may seem, the weekly trip to the Farmington church was not dreaded. Rather, if the day was fine, the long walk was enjoyed by all except the nervous mother, who magnified the trivial dangers and worried over the appearance of her children.

The young folks looked forward to the walks. Several families would join forces on the way to church and it was easy for a couple to lag behind or disappear from view ahead. Courting was inevitable when a boy and girl tramped hand and hand through the semi-woods. Brooks were welcome obstacles, for could a young man be so ungallant as not to carry a girl across the shallow water? Perhaps several engagements were broken if a stone rolled beneath the foot of the young swain and his fair burden was dropped into the water. Many a courtship was conducted on these Sunday walks and many a woman told the story of how she and her husband outwitted

the older folks and managed to be alone, a most improper situation.

Youngsters had their own fun as they trudged through the dust and splashed through the brooks. They were not too eager to reach the church and sit through the long services.

In the winter or bad weather, however, the journey was not so enjoyable. Then it became a duty that, unpleasant as the trip was, had to be performed. The hardship of the winter trips to Farmington center seemed to become greater as more people settled in Panthorne. In 1722 there were a sufficient number to present a petition to the Farmington society asking for winter privileges. They prayed that a minister would be allowed to preach in Panthorne at one of the residences during the winter months.

The plea was considered by the directors of the Farmington society and, after due deliberation, was granted. The payments of the southern settlers to the Farmington church were abated one third and a Mr. Buck was appointed to care for their religious needs during the winter.

* * *

Dogs and religion are apparently far apart. Yet dogs became a problem to the church. Many of the families in the parish had dogs and, in the summer time, canine exuberance caused the dogs to follow their masters to the church. This, in itself, was perfectly reasonable and brought no objection from the church-goers. But the dogs were not content with remaining outside the church and waiting for their masters to return. They

would occasionally make excursions into the church in search of their respective masters.

The presence of a dog or several dogs, sniffing and playing about the church in dog fashion, was such as to disturb in the children that gravity which was considered becoming in the sanctuary. Perhaps the adults also paid a bit of attention to their pets when that attention should have been wholly focused on the service.

To prevent the interruption of the service by univited guests, the society created a new office, that of dog-whipper. The person appointed to a term in this office had a position by the door and was armed with a switch. When an unwary pet entered in search for his master it was the dog-whipper's duty to expell it by the administering of summary punishment. The dog usually retreated ungracefully with the echoes of its astonished and reproachful yelps throughout the meeting house. The question of whose dog was ejected probably excited not a little curiosity in the minds of the congregation.

On one occasion a certain lieutenant, an inveterate dog hater, was appointed to the post. On the first day of his term he appeared at the church with a spontoon. The spontoon is a large axe with a pike at the top. It is such a weapon as is represented in the hands of the guards at the burning of John Rogers.

The lieutenant took his station by the door and composed himself for the double duty of listening to the service and watching for intruders. Soon the red, panting tongue of a dog appeared in the doorway. Whereupon the lieutenant

quietly reached for his spontoon and inserted it in the vitals of the unfortunate pet. It was done with such neatness and dispatch that there was not a yelp as the lifeless body of the dog was thrown out into the road.

This was more than the society had bargained for. But the lieutenant had been legally appointed to his office and was fulfilling it. He brought his spontoon religiously every Sunday and his office was a perfect sinecure for the rest of his term.

* * *

Encouraged by their success and disinclined to make the long trip after having had the advantage of holding church meetings nearby during the winter, the residents of Panthorne asked for the right to break from the Farmington parish and set up an entirely separate ecclesiastical society. This request did not meet with the great approval of the Farmington society. It was agreed, however, to grant the petition upon the fulfillment of a number of conditions. One of the conditions was that the residents of Panthorne care for the roads in the section and another, calculated to prevent the separation, was that they raise a sum of one hundred and fifty pounds to be used in building a new meeting house in the section.

The petition for a separate society was made in 1724 and the conditions were made in the same year. Panthorne residents were notoriously poor. "As poor as Panthorne" was a saying in Farmington and nearby communities. Yet the farmers decided that the expenditure in this case was warrented and the sum was raised.

It was necessary, however, to lay a tax on the property of residents and non-residents and for this purpose a bill was presented to the general assembly. In 1726 the assembly granted the new society permission to lay a tax of a penny an acre on all improved land in the limits. Samuel Woodruff, junior, was named as the tax collector.

In the bill in which the society in South Farmington was granted the right to tax the land occurred the following statement "—and this assembly do order that for the future, the said society be called and known by the name of Southington." "Southington" was a contraction of South Farmington and it was by this name that the section was known and later incorporated into a town of the same name.

* * *

More than a hundred years after the name Southington was officially designated to describe the southern part of Farmington three gentlemen, named Amzi Perrin Plant, Ebenezer Howard Plant and Alfred Hotchkiss, organized a firm known as the A. P. Plant & Company. It was the fourth plant in the country to successfully manufacture carriage bolts and commenced operations in the fall of 1842.

The first factory was located about a mile south of Southington center on the west bank of the Quinnipiac River. That part of the town, known as the "Corners," was sparsely populated at the inception of the business. Prosperity attended the manufacturers and it soon became well known throughout the country. In 1853 a joint

stock company known as the Plants' Manufacturing Company was organized.

Ever seeking new and better methods of producing carriage bolts and taking advantage of every business situation, the company soon became one of the leading firms manufacturing bolts in the country and at one time there were as many as 300 men working in the shops in Plantsville. A branch factory was also established in New Haven.

Mr. Hotchkiss, a philanthropic gentleman, hired a large number of the older men of the section. One morning two strapping young fellows called to ask for employment. While they were waiting for Mr. Hotchkiss to appear, they looked into the factory and saw a number of the old men busy at their tasks.

"Come on, Jim," said one, "there ain't no show for us; this is an old man's home."

A series of disasters dogged the heels of the rapidly growing young company. Fire and flood took terrific toll in the firm's resources and handicapped production. Finally, in 1874, fire again destroyed the entire works, machinery and all, and Plants went out of business. For thirty-two years the company had battled competition and two of the greatest elements of nature, fire and water. It had been burned out three times in Plantsville, once in New Haven and had been washed away three times.

But the Plants and their associates had left two permanent marks. Their success and improvements had forced the rapid development of the

bolt and nut industry and a small village, naturally called Plantsville, had sprung into being.

Editor's note—It is not certain whether the incident of the lieutenant and the dog took place in the Farmington church or in the early Southington church. The handing down of the story by word-of-mouth until it was finally put into writing about 1860 has lost the exact date.

The details of the founding and naming of Plantsville and the history of the A. P. & Plant company and its successor can be found in the "History of the Bolt And Nut Industry of America" by W. R. Wilbur. Edwin S. Todd of Plantsville was one of the contributors to the history and is the only one of those who assisted in its compilation now alive.

Hannah Woodruff, Heroine

IN TIMLOW'S SKETCHES I found these words and abbreviations, Hannah b. July 7, 1730, m. Asahel Newell, (2) Capt. Daniel Sloper; d. October 27, 1815. From this cryptic line can I "a tale unfold," complete and true?

Diligent search and great painstaking have fixed upon the site of the house where the baby Hannah Woodruff, daughter of Daniel and Lydia Smith Woodruff, first opened her eyes to the light of day and I cannot do better than to copy a sentence from an earlier writer. It is as follows: "A depression near the house now owned and occupied by Mr. Adolph Schlayer but much nearer the present highway, just over the wall that runs along the road, was originally the cellar of the house owned and occupied by Daniel and Lydia Smith Woodruff. The house is almost in a direct line with Mr. Schlayer's house, a few feet south of its north entrance. An old well is still there but has been covered—lo—these many years."

When Hannah was born there were already four children, the oldest Jonathan, then two girls, Lydia and Rachel, then Daniel, named for his father (hence no end of confusion in Daniel Woodruffs) then our Hannah. She was baptized when a year old by Rev. Jeremiah Curtis and this was perhaps the most important day of her life up to that time—the day when her godly parents took solemn vows and the child was thereby considered a member of the church according to what was called the "halfway covenant."

To a little girl of four, it is a day of no small

importance when she is told that she has a new little sister, and so that was, perhaps, the next most important day in Hannah Woodruff's life. The new baby was named Rhoda and the family circle was completed. This little Rhoda, we may readily believe, helped to keep sister Hannah busy.

Soon the children were able to save steps for the mother's feet. Hannah and Rhoda could fetch light firewood, search for eggs and soon were knitting stockings and working samplers. In the first few years they must have learned to milk and very early they could ride horseback to Gran'ther Samuel's. At times it was not safe for them to go alone because of Indians and the little girls rode on a pillion. Do you know what a pillion was? Of course you do. Merely a saddle with padding in front and behind, designed to carry three persons, (man, wife and child) but five persons were known to ride thus. And on their return, there would be the inevitable question, "What was Grandmother doing?"

Under similar circumstance, a little boy who had been on an errand to his grandmother's was asked that question by his mother and answered, "O, not doin' noffin, just steppin' around."

Such was the child's view of his grandmother's stepping around, from mixing bowl to brick oven, to mind the fire, to stir the pudding to make the soap, to scour the pewter—truly—

"The trivial round, the common task,
Should furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road,
To lead us daily nearer God."

School did not constitute the principal occupation of children between the ages of six and eighteen. The first school houses in this town were not built until about the time of Hannah Woodruff's marriage, but the General Court had passed a law providing that a teacher must be appointed for every fifty householders and this must have been more or less in force in Hannah's childhood.

Sessions must have been held at some private house centrally located, and probably Hannah and Rhoda went sometimes, pinning a homespun blanket over their heads, and, like girls of modern times, wearing no stockings. Their book—almost their only one—was the New England Primer, but they spent most of their school house time learning to sew.

Passing then from early childhood to maidenhood, we find our maiden a truly fashionable girl, if to be fashionable is to do what is being done in your period and dress like the other girls of your set. Her "homework" was not Algebra, French, et cetera, but she spun, she wove, she knit, she worked a sampler. She rode horseback, she milked the cows, she plucked live geese in the proper season to make a feather bed for her future home and stuffed the feathers into a homespun and hand-woven linen tick. For common use she made mattresses of dried corn husks and rye straw.

Days come and go, but a day of interest in the family was at hand. One of the older sisters was to go forth a bride. She was married to one Gideon Lewis and doubtlessly Hannah, like a good sister, helped her off while her heart beat with her own hopes.

Hannah went, of course, to the usual husking parties and quilting bees and served doughnuts and hard cider to men at raisings. Occasionally, we may believe, she paid a neighborly visit to young Asahel Newell's sisters, not very distant neighbors. And she certainly did need protection going home!

Thus, in maidenhood, she was "quietly attending" to the daily duties of life, though as yet her nearest and dearest were in no particular danger except, perhaps from a treacherous Indian. The Indians, on the whole, were friendly, although it was considered safe to have a fort.

And how did Hannah dress? Oh, a homespun dress of dull color, usually, but dyed a gay color for best. A blanket made of wool sheared from the sheep of their own pasture, spun and woven by her own hands, was the common wrap. The blanket was pinned over her head, but on Sundays a handmade bonnet was worn over her smooth hair when she went to church.

Cosmetics were not needed for there was fine color in the superb air of East Street and South End. Stockings were not worn and even big girls went barefooted except to church and in very cold weather. Roads were mere bridle paths and rough at that, so girls had no use for satin slippers such as were worn by George Washington's sisters—and other rich Southern planter's daughters. Here all were poor and on a level socially, for the first twenty-five years at any rate. The only wealth was land and the fruits of it won by hard labor.

The fashionable posture was not the debutante slouch, or the lounge, but erect poise main-

tained by the practice of sitting on a three-legged no-backed stool. They had no riding schools, but there is a tradition of a maiden keeping her seat in the saddle when the horse vaulted a fence, broke a saddlegirth, throwing off the loosened saddle on which firmly sat the fair maiden when the saddle landed on the ground.

Of course, as our maiden grew, more difficult and varied tasks were hers and, as marriageable age drew on, there was the dower chest to be filled. Already she and young Asahel Newell had often preferred walking to and from church of a Sunday and the elders could not say, "why not?" Thus we are naturally brought to the great day of her life, her wedding day.

For reasons hard to imagine, the date of her marriage can not be found—at least it has not been. She was probably about twenty years of age. All but one authority gives 1730 as the date of her birth, one giving it as 1731. She must have been married either in 1750 or 1751. At all events her first child was born in August, 1752.

And now we must pause to say a word about the bridegroom. "What does the word mean?" a teacher asked the reading class. Nobody knew, but in a moment one bright fellow raised his hand, eagerly saying, "I know, it's something they use at weddings." Hannah's bridgegroom was the aforesaid Asahel Newell, son of one of the first families in Southington parish—first not only in time but, apparently, in moral worth as well. He was of the second generation of his family in the parish, great-grandson of one of the eighty-four

proprietors of Farmington, as Hannah was great-grandaughter of one of them.

As Asahel carried Hannah off on the pillion of his saddle—as was the custom—we may be sure the parents and brothers and sisters had mingled feelings of joy and sadness. The door had closed behind a dutiful daughter who was hard to spare. The young couple lived in a house that stood at South End on the rising ground where Stephen Walkley lived for many years.

I am inclined to think the next important day in her life was the day her first born drew breath. A man child was born to them and named Solomon. And, to use scriptural language, after Solomon, Asahel begat Hannah, and Lucy, and Asahel his own namesake, and Mark, and Charles, and Samuel, and Diadamia—eight in all.

We may imagine the young mother as she was "quietly attending" to her daily duties, pacing back and forth before the huge spinning wheel, stopping to touch with her toe the rocker of the cradle before she pieces on the next roll of wool. Eight times the spinning wheel and loom and the mixing bowl, the pudding kettle and the cheese press were entrusted to other hands as Hannah's routine was broken while she stepped aside to be delivered of a child. The intervals between the births of her children were never less than one year and three months, or more than three years and seven months. With all her household cares, Hannah Newell's conscience was alive to her religious duties. Two weeks before her first child was baptised and five months before the birth of her second, she went up to the church to be

admitted into full communion by the Rev. Mr. Chapman.

Little is recorded of Asahel Newell. There is no record of his baptism, of his admission to the church, of military rank. He died at the age of forty-four, leaving his widow with eight children, the youngest, three years old, the oldest, seventeen. He was buried on the brow of the hill in Oak Hill cemetery.

Mr. Newell seems to have inherited and kept, or acquired, a goodly property for those days and his will gave his widow the use of one-third of the improved lands as long as she continued his widow, and one-third of his movable estates. She was left those at her disposal forever, together with three parcels of land lately purchased of Elisah Moss and his right in the Bird lot by the pond field and his right in the piece of land purchased of Captain Enos Atwater. Eighteen pounds, sterling, lawful money, he left to each of his three daughters to be paid to them when they became eighteen years of age. Some personal belongings were left to his eldest son and the residue of the estate divided among his five sons. The executors were Josiah Newell and his widow, Hannah Newell. That seems to be the one thing of a business nature which a woman could be trusted to handle competently.

Can you imagine Hannah Newell's struggle through that first year of widowhood at the age of thirty-nine, through the planting and the harvest and the caring for her little brood—alone?

Although people were serious in those days, neighbors were kind-hearted and the heart of one

good man, Daniel Sloper, was touched by Hannah Newell's situation. His own wife, Rachel, had died one year after Asahel Newell, leaving him with five children, the youngest twins, named Silence and Prudence, presumably about one year old. He, himself, was in a sad difficult predicament and he began to think with some concern about the Widow Newell.

Were her big boys keeping the firewood handy? And then there were church matters to talk over, for already dissatisfaction was brewing with Reverend Mr. Chapman, to whom Daniel Sloper was loyal. Apparently this good man thought that in union there would be strength. One night after supper, leaving his older boys to finish the lighter chores, he saddled his horse and rode out to South End. Dismounting at Hannah Newell's house he plodded up the little rise of ground, clad in his homespun, to make a call .

I hope he blanketed well his good beast for it must have been pleasant to linger before open fire after the children were put to bed. Can you not see them sitting there—Daniel Sloper and Hannah Newell? It was not the first love of either, but there was a great mutual need of sympathy and comfort. Her children needed a father and his a mother.

Her consent was won and now they must plan wisely, for thirteen young mouths are to be filled and thirteen children sheltered and trained. Nor is the exact date of Hannah's marriage to Captain Sloper recorded either.

Now she leaves the Newell home, with its wooded background and the Meriden Peak tower-

ing in the distance, to go to the Sloper home near where she was born and reared. It is in the southeast part of the town on the place long owned and occupied by David Ackart, now occupied by John Wikman. Mrs. Bishop, great-great-granddaughter of Captain Sloper, tells me that on their return from their wedding journey, Captain Sloper and his bride called at a house where the little twins had been temporarily cared for in the absence of the father, and arrived at the new home each with a twin on the saddle. In about a year was born the baby Robert. He may have linked together and harmonized the varied elements of this household.

* * *

But fateful days are drawing nigh! There are distant rumblings of Revolution and faint echoes of it near home. Restrictions on liberty have been felt for some time. Tea was prohibited, but rum, cider and cider brandy were plentiful. Licenses for tea were given by the committee when they deemed it absolutely necessary, but woe to those who broke the law! There were cases, but the offenders paid dearly for their indulgence.

Intense excitement prevailed after the Boston Port Bill had passed Parliament and a special town meeting was held in which people from the Southington parish were active. The common hangman burned the act in the presence of the assembled multitude.

Hannah's brother, Jonathan, was on the committee appointed to take subscriptions for relief of the distress in Boston and Southington

parish sent 22½ bushels of wheat, 118 bushels of rye and 3½ bushels of corn.

When war was declared, Captain Daniel Sloper commanded the Southington company, which included his own two sons, Daniel and Ezekiel Sloper, and Hannah's three sons, Solomon, Asahel and Mark Newell. She is facing another great challenge, but she goes on "quietly attending" to the duties of daily life. She must swallow the rising lump in her throat and watch the militia march away. Like the mother in Mrs. Browning's poem, she bade them "Go forth to the wheels of the guns, and denied not."

Days in Hannah Woodruff's life did we say? Was not this the day that climaxed her life. Six males of her family were at the front. Who was with her on whom she might lean for support? Her own father, to be sure, was not far away. Perhaps he could give counsel, but he was eighty years old and had born the burden and heat of the day. Her mother, likewise, was the comfort that only a mother can be.

In her own household, we recount once more, stepdaughter, Rachel Sloper, twins, Patience and Silence, five or six years old, and baby Robert. Of her own children there were still with her the faithful oldest daughter, her name was Hannah, and one naturally supposes she must have been a great help. Later she married Judah Palmer of Northford. Lucy, her second daughter, not yet married but old enough to help, was already beginning to think of her dower chest, for soon she and Joel Allen began to think of each other. Then there were the boys, Charles and Samuel, in their

early teens, and Diadamia, able to save mother many steps and look after half-brother Robert.

The next great day was the homecoming. Thank God, they all came back! Now indeed, she may "quietly attend" to the daily duties in safety. But toil and privation were still their lot.

Ezekiel and Daniel Sloper soon married and settled down to the pursuits of peace and the rearings of families. Solomon Newell married young Damaris Johnson and took her to Barkhamstead where he became the foremost citizen of the town. He had won three commissions, ensign's, lieutenant's and captain's. But his mother survived him. These Newells were short lived.

War determined Mark's career, for he had enlisted as a private and had served as an apothecary's clerk and assisted in surgical operations. After the war was over he became a physician, settling in Southington and building a house that stands next to the home of Jacob Lotz. Asahel never married and, having served two or three years, died, scarcely thirty years old, about three years after peace was concluded. The day of his burial was one of the days in Hannah Sloper's life. Once before she had stood by the open grave of one of her children, her daughter Lucy.

From now on the days of her life were for the most part funeral days. Her aged father and mother lived to see the end of the war but two years later her father, aged eighty-eight, died and about six months later her mother passed on.

* * *

As early as 1781, some two years before, Samuel Andrews had been missionary to Walling-

ford. Captain Sloper had contributed to the minister's rate there instead of to the First Ecclesiastical Society in Southington. Moreover, the first service of the Episcopal Church within this town was held at the home of Captain Sloper. It was not that he was convinced of the doctrine of the apostolic Succession or any other doctrine but because he was offended at the treatment that had been given Reverend Mr. Chapman, who had been his friend and pastor, and because of some desired adjustment of tax rates after his return from the war. Do you think Hannah was confirmed with him? She was not! She was rooted and grounded in the faith of her fathers in which she did abide, but not without controversy.

Dr. Mark Newell later withdrew and became an Episcopalian because he could not believe in the halfway covenant. His note of withdrawal is interesting.

"The Subscriber does not believe in half a Savior as the Presbyterian Doctrine Teaches which is in part Deism. But Believes in a whole and complete Savior therefore thinks it is not his Duty to support such absurd and unchristian like Doctrine any longer and shall Join the Episcopalian Church.

Southington, Nov. 5, 1799 Mark Newell"

It may not be amiss to introduce here one of the church customs of those days. The congregation of the First Ecclesiastical Society was officially seated and a special committee was appointed for the purpose. There was a graduation of saints, based in the first place solely upon age. At first all persons more than eighteen years of age were seated in the pews, while the younger

persons sat in the gallery under the watchful eye of the tithing man.

It was not long, however, before other considerations than age were urged upon the seating committee. Ministers and deacons had seats of the highest honor regardless of anything else. Property, military rank and service to country were thought deserving of recognition. Accordingly, after the second meeting house was built, this seating of the saints became a serious business and frequent meetings of the society were held before the matter was settled to the satisfaction of all.

One of the means by which the matter was settled was to balance a certain amount of money against a year of age. For example, in the earliest times, fifteen pounds was considered equal to one year of age. Thus a man of twenty might, if he had money enough, sit with a man of twenty-one. In determining the seat by this method, an individual's seat might vary from year to year as the value of the pound fluctuated.

Name, list and age of the inhabitants of the Society of Southington for the year 1786 are preserved, the term list meaning a certain percentage of the taxable property. In it Captain Sloper's name was given but not his list and at this time he was assigned no seat. His sons, Daniel and Ezekiel had conformed and were put in the proper place. Hannah was given a seat of honor. It was right in the middle alley, next to the fore seat.

Came now the day in early September, 1789, five months after the inauguration of George

Washington as President, when our kind-hearted, jovial warrior fell into his last sleep. After burying her husband, our heroine must stand five times to hear the solemn committal to earth of her own children. Only two of them, Hannah and Dr. Mark, outlived her.

If Hannah remained at the Sloper home, as she was entitled to do, she saw the household become more complicated. In due time her sons, Mark, Samuel and Charles, married and established their own homes. The youngest Newell child, Diadamia, succeeded to the home and husband of her sister, Lucy, whose death has already been mentioned. And Robert, the baby, a slender, stooping, consumptive lad, the child of his parents' old age, married in about five years and brought home his bride. Five children were born to them during their married life of eleven years and then both Robert and his wife died of consumption within a year of each other.

Polly Sloper, Robert's daughter, became the third wife of Asahel Newell, her grandmother Sloper's grandson, son of Hannah's son Samuel. There were intermarriages in American royal families!

In this period of widowhood we may be sure that Grandmother Hannah kept a lively interest in her grandchildren of all ages from the youngest to the oldest. I have counted thirty-four of these grandchildren.

Hannah Sloper was now setting her house in order for the final great day of her life. She made her will. Also, there were but few left to inherit her possessions, for she had outlived her nearest

and dearest and those possessions which looked rather large on paper did not avail very much.

The fact that at the advanced age of eighty-five she had consumption would incline one to think that she developed it living with the consumptives, Robert and his wife, although it is not usual for one of her age to contract the disease.

The end of her life is near. With the falling of the leaves in October, when consumptives often go, came the angel of death and at last the life that had spanned nearly a century was ended. She died on October 27, 1815, and was buried by the side of Captain Sloper in a beautiful spot in South End cemetery.

Her will, exhibited in court by the executor and duly witnessed by Ichabod Frisbie, Annie R. Deming, was executed April 26, 1817.

You have all noticed the epitaph on her husband's stone. It bears out the impression that, with the exterior of a soldier, he had a kind heart. But why no epitaph on the stone of our heroine? She shall have one, albeit poor and writ not on stone but on perishable paper. It is a feeble expression of an epitome of the days of her life.

Oh, gentle spirit, strong and brave,
Thy days are done.
Days spent in childhood, free from care,
Days of love and childbirth pain
Service and joy.
Days of sacrifice and sorrow,
Left alone.
Days of triumph evermore,
Rest and peace.

Editor's note—The above story was written by Miss

Catherine A. Gardner as a paper, "The Life and Times of Hannah Woodruff," and read to Hannah Woodruff chapter, D. A. R., of Southington in October, 1933. Miss Gardner, a retired high school teacher, spent considerable time and effort in preparing the paper. The entire story, revised by Miss Gardner and transcribed by Miss Frances M. Gridley, will appear in the history of the state D. A. R. at some date in the near future. With the exception of transposition and the bodily removal of some of the details, it is exactly as Miss Gardner has written it.

In Miss Gardner's own words—

"Should you ask me whence these stories, whence these legends and traditions, I should answer, I should tell you

These are my sources:

First. Mrs. Betsey Haviland, oldest member of Hannah Woodruff Chapter, D. A. R.

Second. Mrs. James W. Upson, chairman of genealogical research.

Third. Timlow's Sketches on Southington, published 1875.

Fourth. Article written by the late Mrs. Augustine Lewis in a book, entitled, "Our Patron Saints."

Fifth. Old wills, vital statistics and family genealogies from Mother Farmington and Grandmother Hartford, found in the state library.

Sixth. Personal reminiscences told me by my grandmother and traditions handed down to her by her parents and grandparents, who would be of Hannah Woodruff's generation and therefore acquainted with true pictures of home life in those days.

Miss Gardner quotes Mrs. Lewis as saying, "Hannah Woodruff was not, perhaps, a heroine in the usual sense of the word, she never even saw a battle field, saved an enemy's life, but there is no harder discipline than to quietly attend to the daily duties of life when one's nearest and dearest are in danger." Note the recurrence of the phase, "quietly attending" in Miss Gardner's narative. This sentence, Miss Gardner says, is the keynote of the article.

Men, Tin and Gold

WHEN William Patterson first settled in Worthington* he little reckoned that he was to found a great industry. Here he set up the first tin factory in America. Raw materials from England were smelted and rolled into sheets and the tin thus secured formed into various household utensils.

Mr. Patterson started his business in an exceedingly modest manner. Having made a sufficient number of utensils, he would load them into a basket and set out to peddle his goods in the surrounding country. Within a few years he became a familiar figure in this section and his fame as a tinsmith was widespread.

Tin untensils were few and valuable in those days when pewter, iron and wood provided for most of the housewives' needs. The spit and iron kettles over the fireplace and the bake oven at its side fulfilled the cooking requirements.

With little competition and a good demand for his commodity, Mr. Patterson soon found that he could not supply his customers by himself. He enlarged his plant as the business grew and employed others to help him manufacture his products. A number of young men in the neighborhood apprenticed themselves to him to learn the tin trade.

From the South Farms district in the society of Southington came a young man named James Upson. This young fellow was willing to work and rapidly picked up the foundation of the tin-

*Worthington was the east section of what is now Berlin.

ner's trade. The business grew faster with more hands to cut, hammer and assemble the tin utensils.

Young Upson continued his work with Paterson until the Revolution. Then the source of raw materials was shut off and the business had to be suspended for the duration of the war.

Following the Revolution, Mr. Upson returned to Southington and set up a tin shop. His former fellow workers in Worthington scattered to their homes and capitalized on their training by opening their own tin shops, which soon flourished throughout New England.

So great was the demand for tin utensils that the old method of peddling on foot with great baskets hanging from the shoulders was no longer adequate. Horses, heavily laden with pans, cooking kettles, tea kettles, graters and salt and pepper boxes, were able to cover large distances. But this method, too, proved unsatisfactory and two-wheeled carts, pushed by the peddlers themselves, were called into play. These were soon supplanted by the one-horse wagons and then by the well-known two-horse wagons of the familiar New England tin peddlers.

Wherever there were buyers and wherever a wagon could be drawn—there, sooner or later, came the New England tin peddler. Undaunted by weather, hills, plains or rivers, the tin peddler plied his business, sleeping where night overtook him and eating when and where he could get food. His sturdy cart, with its clattering cacophony of tin, were a well-known sight and sound in all

parts of the country. Some left the factory one year and returned to restock in the next year.

Down in Marion, James Upson developed his own tin business. Trade was good and success, to a hard working, astute tinner, was inevitable, barring ill fortune. He was blessed with two sons, Asahel and Salmon, both of whom apprenticed themselves to their father and proved apt pupils. Salmon settled in South End while Asahel remained in Marion.

Years passed happily and prosperously. Asahel found himself the father of nine sturdy sons. He trained them, with a cousin, in the tin trade. Then they were equipped with two horse carts and started out in all directions to make their own fortunes.

Fate smiled as she guided the destinies of the Southington boys through all parts of the country and great success attended them. Lauren finally reached Sacramento, California, and was one of the founders of that community. He played another important role in the history of the section by being one of the founders of the famous pony express out of Sacramento Union.

Warren Upson traveled to Mobile, Alabama, where he established a hardware business. James R. Upson stayed in Southington for a time and then went to join his brother in Alabama. Montana lured Gad Ely, who drove his cart to that territory and became a government distributing agent. Edwin plied his trade in Marion, Alabama, while Charles stopped in Cold Water, Michigan. Charles mixed politics with business and was equally as successful in both, later being United

States Congressman from Michigan. Dewitt decided that Southington would serve his needs and remained here.

Asahel Augustus became an early settler of Cincinnati and was later a manufacturer of japanned wear. Josiah went to Ohio and became well-known as a Universalist minister. The cousin, William Upson, found Winton, Virginia, to his liking and opened up a hardware establishment which was to be flourishing nearly a hundred years later.

* * *

Tin and Southington men were threads woven permanently into the fabric of our country's history. From Southington both tin and men diverged in all directions, each carrying civilization further into the wilderness and each forming another step in the nation's development. Nearly a hundred years had passed since William Paterson set up his first tin shop.

* * *

The discovery of another metal, gold, began to play an important part in the development of the country and to wreak havoc in eastern business and man-power. Gold was discovered in 1848 and by 1849 a number of men had left Southington for the "promised land," whose promises many found empty. Samuel S. Woodruff, William J. Clark, Frederick Cook, Seth E. Barnes, Andrew F. Barnes and John S. C. Jones left Southington in one ill-fated company which was visited by sickness and death but not fabulous riches.

Tin again became inextricably woven in the

story of Southington and Southington men. James R. Upson, in business with his brother in Alabama, received word from Lauren in Sacramento, California, that riches were awaiting a good business man in California. Huge prices were being paid for every commodity which a gold miner needed. The brother with whom he was in business died and James set sail from New Orleans, intending to cross the Isthmus and sail up the California coast.

Boarding the Falcon, commanded by Captain Hartstein, he reached Havana on May 3, 1850. There were 276 passengers on the Falcon who were filled with the vision of easy fortune in the gold belt. Poorly equipped, carrying excess baggage and some of them physically unfit for the journey, they represented every type of person.

Shortly after the Falcon reached Havana, the Ohio from New York arrived with 480 passengers anxious to reach Chagres and from there cross the Isthmus. Unscrupulous ship agents had crowded them aboard the Ohio with no thought for their comfort and no provisions for their transportation from Havana to Chagres.

"I cannot take all your passengers," Captain Hartstein told Captain Schenk of the Ohio in a consultation as to how the Ohio's passengers were to reach Chagres. "If some of your passengers want to sleep on the floor or on the deck, I can stretch a point and take about a hundred and fifty of them."

Captain Schenk agreed to these terms but neither of the seamen reckoned on the passengers throbbing with the gold fever. Not only did the

one hundred and fifty come aboard the Falcon, which the law limited to 250 passengers, but many more smuggled themselves aboard, bringing the total number to nearly five hundred.

Scenes of indescribable confusion took place. Cabin and steerage passengers were mixed together getting in their own way and hampering the sailors. The cooks of the ship could not prepare enough food nor could the stewards distribute it to the hungry passengers. Even drinking water was scarce.

It was with a sigh of relief that James Upson viewed the harbor of Chagres on May 12. Bread and molasses served him for breakfast. Lunch was molasses and bread and the same combination made the only meals he had for several days.

Joining with three other men, Mr. Upson found and engaged a boat for the trip up the river, paying twelve dollars apiece. But the natives of the section had learned rapidly from the white men. A negro, who said he was the owner of the boat, refused to let them have it for less than seventy dollars.

An American agent for boats, happening along during the altercation, offered to get them speedily on their way with extra comforts for fourteen dollars apiece. Hoping to get an early start to keep ahead of the main body of the travelers, they agreed.

But the American agent was no better than his dusky brother. One of the rowers failed to show up. When they managed to fill his place it was discovered that the rowers could not row and the captain could not steer.

They tried to show the rowers the proper method of rowing the oars and encouraged them with brandy, crackers and beef. But it was no use and the craft was splashed awkwardly and slowly on its way. By the time they had reached Don Hermantios it was ten o'clock. All the sleeping places were taken and the meal was again molasses, bread and coffee.

The following day was a repetition of the first. Wet clothes, slow progress, meager food and no place to sleep. They were about fifteen miles from Gorgona, where they would take the land route. The next morning they started but it was so hot and the rowers made such slow progress they disembarked after five miles to walk the rest of the way.

Mules were engaged in Gorgona and the twenty-eight slippery, muddy miles to Panama were started. Rain was almost constant and streams had to be crossed. At times it was necessary for them to stand on their heads to empty out their boots.

Five days following their arrival in Chagres, the wet, footsore, hungry and disgusted passengers arrived in Panama only to find that rates from Panama to California varied from $280 to $650 each. Exorbitant rates were charged the travelers for every commodity and service and they suffered every imposition. There were about 2,000 Americans in Panama, many of them stranded when they gambled away their money or were fleeced of it. Some forty of the original passengers of the Falcon found themselves unable to go on.

"I thought," said Mr. Upson, "that I had traveled enough to look out for No. 1, but they got me every move I made."

He finally secured passage aboard a ship bound for San Francisco and eventually joined his brother, Lauren, in Sacramento. Needless to say, the huge fortune that beckoned to the easterners failed to materialize. Following a stay in California, he returned home to Southington and his family.

The Two Marks

AMBITION and adventure fired the soul of Jonathan Walkley of Durham. Poverty deprived him of the opportunity of receiving an education from one of the regular institutions of learning existing before the Revolutionary War but could not rob him of his determination to acquire knowledge. He had a natural love for mathematics and succeeded in obtaining a copy of Daboll's Arithmetic, tattered and torn from long usage. By dint of hard studying at home he became a good arithmetician.

The flair for adventure led him toward the sea, where he became a cooper on a merchant vessel. While at sea he studied navigation and become so proficient in the art that on one occasion, tradition says, he laid the course of the vessel when the captain was ill.

Jonathan married and settled down in Durham, Connecticut. He was blessed with several children and apparently had composed himself to a more or less prosaic life. But the even tenor of his life was suddenly broken when the colonies rebelled against England and the men of the land took up arms to protect their rights and their homes.

Patriotism, fanned by his love for adventure, drew Jonathan to the scene of action. Being a sea-faring man, he turned to the sea to do his share for his country. But American naval operations were fitful at best during the early days of the war and, tired of waiting to see action under

official direction, Jonathan shipped aboard a privateer.

Privateers were privately owned vessels of various tonnage and armament given official commissions to do as much damage as possible to enemy ships-of-war, supply ships and merchant marine vessels. Some of them harried British colonies and even the coast of England itself with daring raids.

From the time Jonathan shipped aboard the privateer he disappeared entirely and no word of him was received by his family. With the passage of several years, they came to think of him as being dead.

Time went by and the war ended. Jonathan's family struggled on for a bare existence. Mistress Walkley, an active, energetic woman, made stays and went out sewing to secure enough food to keep herself and her children alive. Shortly after Jonathan's disappearance a son was born and named Stephen after Jonathan's brother.

Life was a continual battle for Mistress Walkley. Food had to be earned or cultivated. Clothes and many household necessities had to be manufactured at home. Light itself was almost a luxury for it came from candles which she must make herself.

Candle-making time was dreaded by all housewives. Tallow was obtained from the hide of a steer or cow. In the Walkley household, tallow was a scarce article. When it was obtained, it was boiled in a large kettle. Pieces of candle wicking twice the length of a candle were doubled over candle rods about a quarter of an inch in diameter

and the wicks twisted. A number of such rods were prepared before the actual operation took place.

A kettle of melted tallow was set in a cold room and Mistress Walkley, bundled in shawls, made ready for the long task. Each rodfull of wicks was dipped in the kettle and hung on a frame. When the last one was dipped, the cold air of the room had hardened the tallow on the first rodfull so that it was ready to be dipped again. This process was repeated again and again until the candles were the proper size.

Cooking was done in the ovens of the fireplace and over the fire itself. The fireplace served for both cooking and heating purposes in the poorer homes like the Walkley's and a large supply of wood had to be kept on hand.

Late one afternoon Mistress Walkley and her little son, Stephen, were gathering wood to cook their evening meal. Their poverty had never seemed more desperate and there was but a little corn meal in the house for food. This she would boil into hasty pudding, a staple dish in the Walkley household.

Dusk was falling as they reached the door of their home. Turning before she entered the house, Mistress Walkley saw a man approaching. He turned into the yard, apparently planning to enter the house. His clothes were ragged and torn and his long hair unkempt. He did not appear to be the kind of a person a woman would care to meet, especially at nightfall. He neared the door.

"Good evening," he greeted respectfully, "can you give me a night's lodging?"

"I am sorry," she replied, "but my home is not large enough to accomodate you." It was in her mind to send him away as soon as possible for, as he came closer, she could discern a scar from a saber wound which crossed his forehead, his eyebrow, the bridge of his nose and ended on his cheek. The scar did not improve his appearance.

Not discouraged by her refusal, he came closer.

"If I may not stay for the night, then perhaps you can give me a little food," he suggested. "I have come a long way and am very hungry."

His forlorn look and his appeal for food touched her kind heart but, hardy and self-dependent as she was, she was still apprehensive.

"I have just returned from gathering wood," she explained. "We are very poor and have but a little corn meal in the house." She hoped he would take the hint and go elsewhere but he seemed to take the explanation for an invitation and entered.

Mistress Walkley busied herself preparing the corn meal for a frugal supper. Wooden trenchers were placed on the bare wood of the table. She was ill at ease but kept good courage as she went about in her preparations for the meal.

In the meantime the man engaged the boy in conversation.

"What is your name young fellow?" he asked.

"My name is Stephen," the youngster replied.

This familiarity on the part of the man disturbed the mother and she covertly watched him.

The man pulled a pocket ink stand from his clothing. "I had a brother named Stephen and

when I went away he gave me this ink stand," he said, showing it to the little boy.

This was too much for Mistress Walkley.

"Who are you?" she cried.

The man stood up. "I," he replied, "am Jonathan Walkley.

Mistress Walkley gasped. This man did not look like the husband who had left for war years ago. Her husband, she well knew, had a mole on his head covered by hair. Trembling, she pushed aside the hair on his head. It was shaggy and long but there, outside the ear, lay her old friend, the mole.

Needless to say, there was much rejoicing and Jonathan received his night's lodgings.

"But why have you not sent us some word in all these years?" asked his wife, with tears of joy streaming down her face. "What has happened to you?"

"That's a long story," said Jonathan. "The vessel I shipped aboard encountered the English and was captured. I received this scar that has changed my appearance so greatly. With the others, I was taken to an English gaol for the duration of the war.

"It is the custom in England for the gaolers to receive an allowance for each prisoner to keep them supplied with food and other necessities. But the keeper of our prison kept part of each prisoner's allowance for his own pocket and spent as little as possible in feeding us.

"After the war was ended, some of the prisoners were released. But this meant that the gaoler received less money. The keeper of our gaol

detained all his war prisoners for his own gain and the reason why we were imprisoned was soon forgotten.

"These conditions lasted for some time after the war. Then Benjamin Franklin came to England. He had done great work in France and was received with much honor by the English authorities. He soon grew to be a person of great influence. In some way, word of the illegal detention of American prisoners of war was brought to his attention and, through his influence, we were released.

"I made my way to the sea and, because of my experience as a sailor, found little difficulty in working my way to America. And here I am."

* * *

Jonathan Walkley and his wife and children later moved to Southington. His son, Stephen, grew up to be a prominent citizen of the town and played a large part in laying out some of the roads.

Stephen married Miss Olive Newell of Southington and, in the course of time, was the father of seven children. On June 27,1832, there was a new addition to the familiy. He was the fourth boy, a golden-haired, gray-eyed baby. The other children in the family had solid, sensible names like Jane, Sarah and Jonathan. For the new arrival, however, no one could think of a name good enough.

"If you won't name the baby, I will," said the father. "We will call him Zebulon. When he is a baby we can call him 'Zebbie'; when he is a boy,

we can call him 'Zeb'; and when he is a man, people will call him 'Mr. Zebulon Walkley.' "

In the spring, when the Sunday came for "Zebbie" to be baptised, there was great excitement in the family. Dressed in their Sunday best, the entire family drove two miles to the church and filled two pews.

"Zebbie" complacently enjoyed the attention he was receiving. But when Parson Jones came to the ceremony he said in a loud voice, "Stephen, I baptise thee."

There was consternation among most of the family and their friends. Mrs. Walkley merely smiled and said, "I thought we would call him Stephen after his father. We may never have another boy."

Stephen, senior, would never confess whether or not he knew the baby was to be Stephen, junior.

Stephen, junior, the youngest of the large family, was naturally given much attention. But there was much work to be done about the house and farm and, as soon as he was old enough, he was given various small tasks to do such as picking up chips for his mother.

In the spring when he was eight years old, his father took him aside.

"Now Stephen," he said," you are getting old enough to do more than pick up chips for mother. This summer I am going to trust you to drive the cows to pasture."

The confidence and trust his father had placed in him filled the youngster with pride and he could hardly wait for the beginning of summer. At last, one lovely morning in April, his father

told him that he might start taking charge of the cows.

The youngster was highly pleased with his new job. But in back of the big rocky pasture was a dark, gloomy hemlock grove. Stephen always believed that there were bears in these woods because they looked as if they were the kind of woods that bears would like. As he had to hunt for the cows when he brought them back at night, he always made it a point to arrive before dark.

One day he was supposed to go for the cows right after school. But on the way a little pool in a brook intrigued him. Wading carefully, he became engrossed in trying to catch the little fish which swarmed in it. He became so intent in his unsuccessful attempts that he did not realize how rapidly the sun was dipping toward the hill.

He suddenly came to the realization that the sun had set, and with his heart in his mouth, ran along the road to the pasture, hoping that the cows would be waiting for him at the bars. He whooped with joy as he saw them standing with their heads over the fence waiting for him. As they came through the lowered bars he counted t h e m . One-two-three-five-twelve-thirteen. But where was the fourteenth? Old Whitey must be in the woods, which looked more gloomy than ever in the thickening twilight.

He was tempted to drive the others home and hope for the possibility that his father would send Johnny to search for the missing beast. But he remembered that it was his job and his father would probably say, "Stephen, you must go back and hunt up Whitey." He made up his mind to

find her before it grew any darker and started for the woods.

He grew more frightened with every step and his little feet seemed so heavy he could hardly drag them along. Every bush looked like a bear. How he wished for his mother!

Suddenly he remembered what his mother had told him. "Stephen," she had said, "you need never be afraid because God always takes care of you."

Just ahead was a large rock and the frightened youngster knelt down by it and prayed. "Dear God, won't you make old Whitey come out of the woods before I get there; but if she doesn't come out, won't you please keep the bears from eating me up? Amen."

He seemed to feel a little braver and he soon came to the point where the path started into the woods. Just as he was about to take the first step into the heavier gloom, Whitey thrust her head through the branches almost into his face and came to meet him.

A wave of thankfulness went over his little body and he threw his arms around her neck and said, "Oh, Whitey, He did send you!" He let the cow go down the path and, while he stood still for a minute and watched the stars come out he said, "The great, good God who made all the stars, and the sun and this big world is such a good God that He takes care of a little boy like me, who is afraid to go after his father's cows. I shall never be afraid again."

Editor's note—In some versions of Jonathan Walkley's return home it was claimed that the mark on his head

was from an old saber wound and it was by this mark that his wife recognized him. Other versions state that the identification was made by a mole and that a saber scar had changed his features so that his wife did not recognize him when he appeared.

The story of young Stephen's baptism and what he later called his "conversion" was told to his niece, Miss Frances Walkley, and the quotations are almost identical with what was said nearly a century ago on the occasions described.

The Great Salt Storm

IT WAS a sultry day in Southington. The calendar said that it was September 23, 1815, and the good people of the town were busy with their crops. There was a haze in the air and the day seemed to be what would be called a "weather breeder." But the people in Southington went about their daily tasks as usual.

* * *

Eli Pratt, a farmer at Clark Farms, was only thirty-four years old. He had been born in Wolcott and had moved to Southington where, in 1803, he married Miss Abigail Hitchcock. He had already won the respect of his fellow townsmen and that very year had been made deacon of the Southington Congregational Church.

* * *

Suddenly the sky clouded over and raindrops began to fall. The wind arose and approached the velocity of a gale, whipping even large trees about.

One who had been caught in the storm suddenly halted in his tracks and turned his face to the wind. He had tasted salt! He tried again but his taste glands returned the same reaction. Salt spray was being blown inland from Long Island sound, more than a score of miles away!

Nor was Southington the only section affected by the "September Gale." The tropical disturbance swept up the coast from New Haven to Boston.

Those living on the shore were astonished to see the apparent calmness of the water during the storm. The force of the wind was so great that,

instead of tossing the water about, it smoothed the surface of seas, bays and harbors. But the calmness of the water was more than offset by the almost unprecedented action of the tide, which rose to a great height. The salt spray was carried more than forty miles inland.

The greatest damage was done between Stonington and New Bedford with the full force of the storm striking in Narragansett Bay and Providence. High tide was at 11:30 o'clock in the morning and was ten or twelve feet above the usual spring tides known previously.

In Southington many probably believed that the end of the world was near and that the salty spray was the advance guard of the waters of the ocean moving inland to cover the earth.

When Eli Pratt arose the next morning he was greeted with an unusual sight. The foliage on the south side of the trees had withered and died as from frost. The evaporating salt water had left a residue of salt crystals on the window panes on the south side of his dwelling-house at Pratt's Corners and the salt could be scraped from the glass!

A great deal of the foliage and some of the crops were destroyed in this vicinity although the salt spray was not heavy in Southington. Down through Cheshire and at places nearer the salt water, the destruction was great.

Editor's note—The story of the "September Gale" was told by the late J. Frank Pratt to Judge Thomas F. Welch of Southington. It is said that Eli Pratt, Mr. Pratt's paternal grandfather, experienced the storm and told it to his children. That there was such a storm is supported by data in the Hartford Courant appearing February 26, 1927.

A Singular Story

JOEL ROOT was born in Southington and spent his boyhood here. Early in the nineteenth century Southington had settled itself to sedate agriculture and industry and no longer presented opportunities for adventure that the young man desired. Accordingly, he turned to the sea for both adventure and the fortune every young man sought. He rose from a common sailor to a wealthy merchant. But we are progressing too fast—that came later.

Joel's first great stride on the road to fortune came in a combination of unusual circumstances. He had won recognition as a sailor of more than unusual ability and was given the position of supercargo on a vessel bound for China. On the return trip, the ship was to stop in South America and secure a cargo of seal skins by actually catching the seals and by bargaining.

Fair weather and fair winds attended the voyage down the coast of South America and around the Horn. Coming up the coast before setting out across the Pacific for China, the ship came within sight of the Chilean coast. Joel secured permission to land and, with a lieutenant in command and four seamen at the oars, set out for the distant shore.

It was late in the afternoon of what had been a fine day. The water was fairly calm and the boat made good progress toward the distant shore. Joel lolled in his seat and dreamed of the day when he would be in command of a fine ship.

Before they had progressed very far a black

cloud crept over the horizon. It grew rapidly and soon assumed alarming proportions. The rowers redoubled their efforts to reach the shore before the storm broke but, with the speed of tropical disturbances, it caught them long before they had reached safety.

The wind rose to almost a gale and the water whipped itself into a frenzy. The boat was turned and ran with the storm, the oarsmen doing their best to keep the frail craft from being swamped. Spray flew over the bow and sides at every creak of the tholepins. Joel and the lieutenant bailed frantically with their hats. How long they battled the elements they had no way of telling. Time and again it seemed as if the boat must surely go under.

As suddenly as the storm had come it departed and the men silently offered thanks for their deliverance. But they were not out of danger yet for they were out of sight of land and ship and had no means of telling where the coast lay. Night had fallen and no stars were visible to guide them.

The lieutenant was a headstrong man whose seamanship was questionable.

"I think the wind has turned towards the shore," he said. "Continue along in the same direction as the wind."

Joel glanced at the sailors and saw that they were eyeing each other doubtfully. It seemed to him and to them that they were going in the opposite direction from the coast.

The laws of the sea are strict. To even question a command of a superior might be construed

as an act of mutiny. And the penalty for mutiny was hanging!

"Sir," he said respectfully, "I believe that land lies in that direction," and he pointed past the stern of the boat."

"Ye're a mutinous dog," shouted the self-willed, obstinate officer whose nerves had been sorely tried by the ordeal of the storm. "I'll have ye hanged in the nearest port."

"We must first reach the port," Joel retorted.

He considered the situation. To starve in an open boat, he thought, would be worse than hanging. The countenances of the sailors showed they were in accord with him.

"Lieutenant," he stated, "this is a matter of life and death. Hanging is better than starving. I am so convinced that I am right that I am willing to leave the question to the sailors on these conditions. If they decide with me you will turn about or we will throw you into the sea. If they decide in favor of your opinion, you may throw me overboard. Is it agreed?"

The officer looked at the sailors. Joel looked at the sailors and held his breath. The sailors looked at each other. Finally one of them nodded. "He's right, sir."

The Lieutenant reddened and ordered the boat turned. After an interminable period at the oars they head the boom of the breakers and were soon safe on shore. Safe at least from the dangers of the sea.

A few minutes walk found them in a small village. But here another difficulty beset them. They did not know a word of the native language

and the natives knew no English. They were taken thirty miles up the coast and jailed on what was probably the Chilian equivalent to the charge of suspicious characters.

Here again their ignorance of the language drew a line which prevented their release. Their hopes were raised, however, by the thought that the captain of the ship would do everything in his power to find them. The town was a seaport and it was probable that the ship, after searching for them at sea, would put in and make enquiries for them. In the meantime, there was nothing to do but wait.

Joel, a likable young man, soon made friends with one of the officers in charge of the guards. The young officer could speak a few words of English but could not understand it well. To while away the time, Joel and the Chilean endeavored to teach each other their own tongues. Their efforts met with quick success and soon the officer had the complete story of their appearance in Chile.

They had scarcely reached a point where lucid conversation was possible when news came that the Captain of their ship had arrived in port. Matters were soon settled and the Americans released. Although they had been treated courteously as prisoners, they were overjoyed at their release.

A firm friendship had been cemented between Joel and the young officer and they were loath to take leave of each other. They promised, upon separating, to always remember each other, although they never expected to meet again.

The ship continued its voyage but the fact Joel could speak the language of Chile caused a change in plans. Joel was left on the Chilean coast to catch and buy seals while the ship went on to China. On its return, it was to pick up him and the seal skins he had obtained.

Joel settled in a section of Chile where the seals were found in the greatest numbers. There were a great many "foreign" seal catchers reaping the harvest of the harmless but valuable fur bearing creatures. Many nations were represented in the various colonies of seal killers.

Their inroads on the schools of seals had become apparent to the Chilean government shortly after Joel had been left by the ship. Consequently the government ordered all foreign seal hunters from the country.

There were so many of the seal hunters that they defied the government and refused to leave the country or to stop their hunting.

The defiance of the hunters brought about quick action on the part of the government. A detachment of troops was sent to drive them out of the country.

When the troops reached the point where Joel was hunting the young American expected trouble. He was prepared for violence and deportation. He courageously faced the troops led by an officer. As they approached he thought there was something familiar about the officer in command.

It was his friend of the jail!

Instead of arrest and deportation, the young Chilean officer treated him with greatest courtesy

and affection. He was not without a considerable influence in the government and succeeded in interceding for Joel. He was not only allowed to stay and pursue his calling, but was given special rates in buying skins from the natives.

When the ship returned from China he had acquired a huge cargo of skins at very low rates. This cargo formed the foundation of his later wealth.

A Successful Failure

YOUNG Samuel Botsford bent over the bench in his crude workshop in Bristol. Mechanically minded, he was extremely interested in the workings of the telegraph and other electrical devices. True, little was known about electricity in that summer of 1846. The telegraph was in its infancy but even the first crude sets were miracles.

It was fun puttering around with electrical devices. It was so easy to astonish your friends with some new trick of the mysterious energy. It was also expensive and those huge batteries had to be continually rebuilt and charged with chemicals.

One day he was struck with a great idea. Explosives could be detonated with an electrical spark. So far such experiments with electrical bombs had been confined to land. Why wasn't it possible to invent a submarine explosive which could be detonated under water?

The idea appeared to be pregnant with possibilities. With such an invention, the name of Samuel Botsford would be handed down to posterity as a great inventor and public benefactor. And, perhaps a little more materially, it appeared that a large fortune could be stored in the coffers of the inventor of a submarine explosive. There were many practical uses of such an explosive. It could be used to blast out channels of waterways, in clearing away debris, blowing apart old hulks, and as a means of defense during war.

Sam immediately set to work to realize his

dreams. His work was carried on in secrecy and even his intimate friends knew little of the nature of his experiments.

When the inventor had nearly completed his invention he communicated with Colonel Colt. The Colonel, whose fame in the pistol world is well-known, became interested in the device which Botsford was working upon. Apparently the Fates were at last smiling on the struggling young inventor.

Finally the device was completed. Botsford was not without a certain showmanship which led him to conduct one of the greatest pieces of advertising in this section to date for the great public experiment he was to conduct. Thousands of handbills were distributed and the news was spread widely by word-of-mouth. Because of its central location, Lake Compounce was chosen as a convenient spot. It was a sort of central point for the people of the surrounding towns to meet and it was also a desirable place to test his device without too much inconvenience.

* * *

The lake itself had quite a history. The hills surrounding it had been a meeting place for Indians before the white man had come.

About a century before Botsford had conceived his idea a great Indian chief by the name of Compounce lived in the hills near the lake. He was a mighty man and was famous for his great strength and bravery. One day he journeyed to Farmington and purchased, with pelts, a large kettle from the white settlers. Returning in the evening, he arrived at the shores of the lake op-

posite the camp fires of his people and uttered a loud whoop, which attracted their attention. Placing the kettle handle around his neck, he plunged into the water and started to swim across. Whether the kettle filled with water and dragged him down or whether he was affected by cramps is not known, At any rate, he was seen to throw up his hands and disappear forever. The lake bore his name and, it is said, every year at the date of his death the gigantic figure of the dusky chief may be seen paddling about the lake in a birch canoe searching for his lost kettle.

It was at this lake, with its many traditions, that Samuel Botsford decided to test his explosive.

* * *

The day of the great experiment arrived. Clouds of dust came from every highway as crowds from the surrounding towns journeyed to the lake to witness the event. They came in carts drawn by oxen and in carriages pulled along smartly by well-groomed horses. Many places declared a holiday and nearly the entire population traveled to the lake to see the famed submarine explosion.

The exact nature of the experiment was not known. Nearly all were convinced that there would be a vast upheaval of water and perhaps the entire lake would be hurled into the air. So they all came prepared for the worst. Umbrellas, great coats and heavy canvas coverings were carried in the vehicles or by those travelling on foot.

About thirty thousand people gathered by

the lake having been carried there by ten thousand vehicles of all types. They all were out for a good time and they all expected and hoped to get wet.

Floating serenely in the calm waters at the center of the lake was a large raft. Fastened to the bottom of the raft were a number of kegs of powder. Wires stretched to the shore to a small switch board.

Samuel Botsford arrived accompanied by a number of celebrities. He was dressed in his best stove-pipe hat, a cut-away coat and pinch-bottom trousers. He climbed to the small platform erected for that purpose and held up his hands for silence. Those who were close by could hear but those gathered on the shores could hardly see him.

He addressed the crowd briefly and explained some of his theories on electricity. Then he started on a long number of practical experiments with the devices which had made him well-known in his community.

These were old tricks to those who knew him and, with the exception of those near the platform, very few could either see or hear him. The crowd grew impatient. They hadn't come to listen to lectures they couldn't hear and witness experiments they couldn't see. They wanted to hear an ear-splitting explosion and see the waters of the lake hoisted skyward. Besides, they had come prepared to get wet and, so help them, they were going to get wet.

As the simple experiments went on the crowd began to murmur. Soon the murmur grew almost to a roar and friends of Botsford took him aside

and advised him to get on with the main experiment with all possible haste.

Some realization of the importance of the great event to others broke on the inventor. When thirty thousand people travel many miles to witness an event, that event had better happen as per schedule.

He returned to the platform and announced that the main event of the day would be presented in a few minutes. Then he was rowed out to the raft to make sure that all connections were tight.

Returning to the switch board he held up his hand as a signal that the submarine explosive was about to be detonated. The word was passed around quickly and a deathly hush pervaded the vast throng. Some of the women paled and clasped their children to them. The men shifted nervously from one foot to the other. A number wished they had not come at all.

The arm of the figure at the switch board flashed down. Eyes strained toward the raft on the lake and breaths were drawn deeply. The switch had been closed!

Nothing happened!

There was no thunderous roar and not even a drop of water as much as lifted itself above the calm surface. The raft remained quietly in the center of the lake.

A multitude of breaths were expelled. Botsford checked and re-checked his apparatus. Perspiration streaming from his brow, he opened the switch and closed it again and again. The quiet waters mocked him.

An investigation revealed that the explosive,

believed to have been ordinary gun powder, had become dampened by the water and refused to explode.

But the crowd did not want explanations. They had come to get wet.

"Fake," shouted one hot-headed young fellow.

"In the lake with him," came the cry and a number advanced on the quaking inventor of the non-exploding submarine explosive.

Friends of Botsford rallied to his side and fighting broke out. Fortunately for Botsford, only a few were angry enough to try to do him harm. His friends were in the majority and the tide of the battle turned favorably.

Ironically, the young men who attempted to seize Botsford were thrown into the lake.

A number of the superstitious believed that old Chief Compounce had objected to having his resting place blown into the heavens and had had some hand in the experiment's failure.

* * *

Miss Alice Norton, daughter of the man who owned property at the lake, was one of the witnesses of the failure. But it was not altogether a failure.

"Those who attended her coming out party, and had seen her smiling face, came again and brought others. The cart-path became a road and the first ten-pin alley was built the next year," she says of the lake.

At any rate Lake Compounce became a favorite recreational spot from that date on.

Dry Feet

THE MIDDLE of the nineteenth century did not see many suitable institutions for the feeble minded or simple persons of this community. It was the custom in New England to keep these simple minded persons on the farm, giving them chores to perform. Given constant directions and little jobs that did not require much thinking, they proved useful.

Alfred was a young man who would not be termed mentally bright by any stretch of the imagination. Although chronologically a young fellow in his twenties, he was mentally a young boy. He was taken in by a Southington family and, in exchange for doing odd chores about the house and farm, was given board, lodging and necessities.

Apparently Alfred had a failing for getting his feet wet for he was repeatedly told that he must keep his feet dry. The continual repetition of "Keep your feet dry, Alfred," made a deep impression on his mind and he never forgot it.

One day, after he had finished doing a few simple jobs around the farm, he was told that he might ride on the ox cart which was going to Plainville. He left with the warning, "Keep your feet dry, Alfred" ringing in his ears.

All went well as they slowly rode towards Plainville. The day was fine and Alfred was thoroughly enjoying himself. But a blight was soon to mar his happiness.

On the way to Plainville it was necessary to ford the river at what is now called Dunham's

bridge. The water was quite deep, coming up past the floor of the cart as they crossed.

A look or horror overspread Alfred's face as they approached the ford. It was going to be extremely difficult to prevent his feet from becoming wet when the water came over the floor boards of the cart. But Alfred was determined that such a calamity should not happen. Perhaps his very determination spurred his brain to find a solution to the problem.

When the cart entered the water, Alfred sat down in the bottom of the cart and raised both feet high above his head. Water flooded the cart and soaked the young fellow almost completely—almost but not quite. Alfred had kept his feet dry!

They Looked Beyond the Ruins

I THOUGHT that my daughter was giving a bridge party, but this seems to be a sewing-bee! You are making braided rugs? Why, that's just what the young folks used to do when I was young! They say almost everything comes back into style if you wait long enough.

But what are you going to do with so many rugs? You are going to give them to the new hospitals? It's to be hustled right along and be finished in four months? Isn't that fine! You think nowadays folks are not as slow as their grandmothers and grandfathers were? You know how to step on the gas and get things done? Well, I recollect one instance when a grandmother and grandfather showed as much energy and speed as people do today, and a good big building was erected in Southington in only three months! Yes, a building just as important as the new hospital. They didn't have any automobiles or modern equipment to help them build it, either.

Tell you about it? Well, I've never forgotten that fall of 1859! I must have been about thirteen years old when it all happened.

It was a Sunday afternoon and we were all in church. In those days we had services both mornings and afternoons. The people who lived at a distance always brought their dinners. The women and children ate theirs sitting in the back seats of the meeting house but the men liked to sit in their wagons underneath the horse-shed and gossip with their neighbors while they ate.

We were all back in our regular seats for the afternoon service. Mother and Lollie and Josie and I were sitting in our family pew in the center about five seats from the front. Father always went but he was out of town that day. You can find the day and the hour all written down in Edwin Barnes' diary. He says it was "about 2 p. m. October 2nd."

Parson Fletcher was in the midst of one of his long-drawn-out prayers. I think they lasted a full half hour. When he looked up at the end of his prayer there wasn't a soul left in the church!

Where had all the people gone? That was what Parson Fletcher wondered! I suppose you think we all left because the prayer was so long? No, that wasn't it. Baptists weren't long on forms and ceremonies but we were more polite than that.

Something queer had happened. Something that Parson Fletcher didn't know about. But I did. You see I had been eating fennel seed which I had in my pocket and peeking round during prayer time as children sometimes do.

Bradley Barnes' uncle, Frank Barnes, was just a boy then. All of a sudden I saw him peek through the front door. Then, quick as a flash, he darted in and whispered to Deacon Cook and then darted out again. Deacon Cook whispered to his wife and then he, too, hurried out.

Leaning over, Mrs. Cook whispered to the man in the next seat and quickly followed her husband. Like wildfire Frank's startling news spread from ear to ear, and always with the same result. The hearer would whisper to his nearest neighbor, then noiselessly glide out of the church.

When this strange news reached my mother's ear, without stopping to whisper to anyone, she jumped right up, motioned to us three children to follow her, and hurried after the others. As soon as we reached the street we found out what had happened.

Peck-Smith's factory was on fire!

Great clouds of smoke were rolling up Center street and crowds of people were hurrying in that direction. Although she was wearing her best bombazine, mother started right down to the shop, but not before she had admonished me:

"Mary, you take Josie and Lollie straight home and remember you are not to allow them to go to the fire."

Not very cheerful news for one who wanted to go to the fire, herself!

There was such a high wind that many near-by buildings were set on fire by the flying sparks and grass fires were kindled 'way up North Main street. We children had a lively time helping Priest Jones put them out. Who was he? Why he was the Congregational minister and lived next door to the old brick house where we lived. Everyone had fences around their yards then and I ruined my best Sunday dress climbing over ours with a broom to help Priest Jones put out a fire in his back yard.

I well remember that dress! It was made from two old ones of my mother's. A black and white striped basque, tight fitting, buttoned up the front, and with stripes running around. The skirt was a brown challie, worn over a hoop skirt as large as an inflated balloon. I just hated that

dress. My bonnet was about as large as a common sized clam shell and was perched on the back of my head leaving the top exposed to the sun. I loved the hat as much as I hated the dress.

While I was at Priest Jones, Brother Lollie and Willie Brainard took mother's best water pail and ran off toward the factory. They knew that the boys and men would form a bucket brigade to get water from the river and they wanted to be there. A man came hurrying down the street, rushed between them, grabbed their pail. They fell on their noses and cut great gashes in their lips but hung on to their pail just the same. After I had fixed them up the best I could, they started off for the fire again when I wasn't looking.

You can't imagine how excited everyone was. One woman came running down the street with her baby wrapped in a shawl. Opening the door of her mother's house she laid the baby on the floor and called to her mother to care for it while she went to the fire. The neighbors said that usually she wouldn't leave it long enough to feed the chickens. That day she was gone three hours.

Susan Woodruff's son, Frank, always stuttered but never swore. That day, however, he came running down the street shouting "fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-damn it, fire!"

Mother said that the fire raged so furiously that window glass in the factory melted like maple sugar and spun itself in little threads which floated long distances through the air. Jennie Brainard picked some of them up in her yard across the street from our garden. You remember Jennie Brainard, don't you? When she grew up she mar-

ried Howard Gridley and now lives up on Queen street. The next day charred shingles were found clear over beyond East Street in Gad Andrews' yard.

You just try to imagine yourself at a good, big fire with only a few buckets of water being poured on the blaze. No chemical fire extinguishers and no city water to help deaden the flames.

When Lollie came home he said that the men lost their heads and didn't know what to do first so mother had to tell them. She found some empty barrels, rolled them down beside the road and told some of the trusty men to gather up all the books and papers in the office and put into them. (In those days people were not very particular about laying everything away in a safe.) The workmen knew mother almost as well as father, for she often visited them when there was sickness in their families, so they did just as she said. Five minutes more and it would have been too late, for, just as the last man hurried from the burning building, the roof fell in. The entire factory was burned to the ground.

Where was the manager of the company? Why didn't he tell the men what to do? Well, you see he was father: and father was way out in Chicago on business for the company therefore mother tried to take his place as well as she could.

She didn't get home until almost dark for she stood guard beside the barrels of papers until they were locked up in the old railroad station. Great holes were burned in the skirt of her best bombazine and her hands were all black and bleeding.

But what did that matter when the books and papers were safe?

It had been a day of great excitement in the town. Although fires were not infrequent occurrances, they were a major threat at that time. Fire fighting facilities were not great and, if a blaze got a good start, it was almost impossible to save the building and sometimes those nearby. The sparks from this catastrophe threatened a large portion of the center and many were concerned over the safety of their own buildings and homes.

The burning of the factory had a great effect on the town. Many had a financial interest in the plant and many others earned their daily bread in its employ.

Lauren Campbell wrote a poem about the fire. He told what happened at the Congregational church. His son, Charlie recited it at Lewis Academy, and I learned it too. Can I recite the verses now? Well, that was a long time ago but I can try.

* * *

"The sun, it's meridian height had passed,
And the chiming bells had ceased at last.
The flocks were gathered in the shepherds care.
And thus to heaven he addressed a prayer.
We thank thee, O Lord, for blessings given,
And the many sins thou hast forgiven!
For all things around—below—above—
Prove thee to be a God of love.

The blessings half invoked rest upon his lips.
The people start as with convulsive fits!

Confusion reigns! Hark! A cry of fire!
Fire! Fire! And the bells ring on the lofty spire.
The youth—the matron—and the aged sire
Rush o'er the hills to see the fire.

The affrighted infant to its mother clings
As it sees destruction on fiery wings.
Pillars of fire from the center burst.
Huge timbers tremble, then crash to earth.
High up in air there rides upon the flame
Burning fragments, scattered o'er the plain
Like messengers of woe.

The wind fans the flame, the north wing soon is low.
Yet in it's southern course it burns more slow.
Water with smoke and flame contentious meet,
And with a rushing violence compete.
Exertions great the heated flame repelled,
Still each their own positions held.
There, no distinctions there twixt man or creed.
Each sought to achieve the greatest deed.

The strength of manhood and the stripling boy
Were each at his post like men of Troy.
The lathe and anvil were from their fastenings torn
And away like blocks of wood were born;
Such was the excitement of the hour
Man seemed possessed of more than human power.

At last the conflict ended; all was o'er;
And the sun set as in days of yore.
The pale moonlight rays, and the lurid glare

Revealed looks and scenes of sadness there.
In tones subdued, questions would oft arise.
But none was found to make them due replies.
"Was it insured?" said one. "Ah yes," quoth Pat,
"But faith and my bread was not,
Nor my children's in yon lonely cot."

"I've lost my all! Nay more," he said,
"Who'll give these hands their daily bread?"
From off that brawny cheek, furrowed by many a year,
I saw him turn aside and wipe away a tear.
A tear it was that told of struggles long endured
For the poor man's lot was not insured."

* * *

Pat was right. The buildings were insured, but only for fifty thousand dollars. The loss was more than a hundred thousand. That was a great deal of money in those days. Besides, the factory had been almost new for it had been rebuilt only about four years before.

A spirit of gloom settled over the town. No factory—no work—and a New England winter approaching. No wonder everyone was sad!

The evening after the fire Marcellus Wilcox and Lollie had driven to Meriden and sent father a telegram. Never before had father received a telegram when away from home. It was a rather new invention and they were only sent in cases of great calamity. When this one was given to him he wouldn't open it. He imagined that some member of his family was dead. The manager of the hotel had to open the message and read it to him.

"Factory burned to the ground. Sell no more

goods. Come home at once," were the words in the telegram.

Journeying by the fastest trains father reached home on Thursday noon. Three days and a half from Chicago to Southington. Speedy traveling, they thought! Now, I hear, one can do it in less than twenty-four hours.

A crowd of anxious men were at the depot to meet him. "By the time the snow flies we'll have a factory and be at work again," was his greeting.

"Impossible," exclaimed the other officials and critics about town.

But the faces of the workmen brightened and one of them remarked, "If it's humanly possible, Boss Neal will keep his word. I bank on him."

That very afternoon not an automobile or an aeroplane, (for they never heard of such things) but a good fast horse took father to Waterbury where men were engaged to come next morning and start rebuilding the factory. And they did start next morning for father was down there before seven o'clock and saw them come.

That was October 7, 1859. Now, when do you suppose the men were given work again? You can't guess? Well, the Hartford Courant of December 30, 1859, had an announcement about it. The article states: "That the Southington Manufacturing Company have so far rebuilt their extensive establishment that they will commence work early in January."

That newspaper spoke the truth. On January 2, 1860, three months after the fire, Peck Smith's men went back to work. Boss Neal had not failed them. The town was happy once more, for the

future Peck, Stow & Wilcox company was again on the road to prosperity.

Even in those days, when the need arose, people knew how to hustle!

Editor's note—The above story was told by Mrs. Mary Neal MacKenzie to Miss Eunice MacKenzie and written later. With the exception of the introduction, the story of the fire is true. The form of the story, as given to us by Miss MacKenzie, has been preserved because of its interesting presentation. The father, or Boss Neal, was Roswell A. Neal, who later became the executive head of the Peck, Stow & Wilcox company.

The Work of the Devil

SOUTHINGTON had innumerable characters in past generations. About the middle of the century it seemed that the residents who were not characters were in the minority.

There was one man who stood out in the community because of his eccentricities. He was well-known throughout the town for many years and, in spite of his peculiar mannerisms, was generally liked.

Izaac was tall and thin and, according to one who can remember him, presented an appearance somewhat similar to Rameses II. He attended, as did many of the men of the town, the Sunday school of the First Congregational church. There, with the pews full of men of all ages, the wildest discussions on religion took place. Sometimes the discussion diverged from religion and focused on personalities. The situation became tense at these moments but mediation or arbitration settled the matter before physical argument became a last resort.

It was at these meetings that Izaac was in his element. Intensely religious, he became oratorically violent at the mere hint of views contrary to his own strict precepts. With his eyes closed, his arms and hands gesticulating, he would hold forth long and ardently.

Izaac's domestic life was not too pleasant. His wife and he differed on many matters and they finally reached a point where they refused to speak to each other. Running a household without conversation between man and wife might

have seemed like Utopia to some. Unfortunately Izaac and his wife found the idea very difficult to carry out. They devised a unique method of conveying information to each other. They simply addressed the cat and imparted what they wished the other to know. The cat did not object and the problem of communication was solved.

Izaac was the possessor of a horse and buggy. It was the custom of the young fellows of the community, who had no means of transportation and who wished to go out of town, to wheedle Izaac into taking them.

One day the circus came to Meriden. A circus was not an ordinary event in the lives of the Southington young men and they were determined to see the performance by hook or crook. They succeeded in prevailing upon Izaac to take them to Meriden.

When the circus performance started it found Izaac and his young friends on a tier of seats. The animals interested him and the clowns gave no cause for offense.

Then a young lady in red tights appeared. It was bad enough for the young lady to be wearing tights—but red tights was the added straw. Izaac never knew what she was going to do for with the shout, "It's the work of the devil!" he clattered down the seats and dashed out of the tent.

Although highly indignant, Izaac waited for his young friends and took them home. Needless to say, he did not attend any similar performances.

The Noble Red Man

IN THE woods near Mosses' Farm, Marion, was the humble abode of a full-blooded Indian. He had appeared sometime before the Civil War and no one knew where he had come from or to what nation he belonged. In many ways he was a man of mystery.

He had forsaken the ways of his ancestors, who had lived by hunting, fishing and trapping, and depended upon the white man for his livelihood. A rugged, powerful physical specimen of his race, his brawn was often sought by the farmers in the vicinity to aid them in clearing the land for cultivation.

He had a long, unpronounceable Indian name and, for convenience, was called Joe Pembleton.

Joe was not one who might be termed a man of steady habits. On the contrary, he agreed thoroughly with the principle of his forefathers, that work was for squaws, not warriors. Unfortunately he found it necessary to work at times to provide him with food and other necessities, such as liquor. At such times he would sally forth to the nearby farms, owned by the Clarks, the Russells, the Burritts and the Mosses, and work until he had supplied himself with enough money or food to allow him to indulge in his favorite occupation, which was doing nothing at all. In the plain words used by the farmers of the vicinity, he was "downright lazy."

Joe had a pronouced leaning toward the white man's liquor. A leaning which sometimes became a decided list. It was not uncommon to see him

staggering homeward after he had been working for a spell.

A soft spot in many of the women's hearts was touched. Tales of the injustice being done to the Indians further west had seeped to Southington. On the other hand, hair-raising stories of Indians on the warpath led others to fear him. Some pitied the "poor redskin" who toiled occasionally in their fields but who was wronged by being allowed to spend his hard earned money on rum or cider brandy. Whether his thirst was inherited or acquired was not known. At any rate, if acquired, he had made an excellent job of the acquisition.

* * *

It was June, 1862, and President Lincoln issued his call for 300,000 three-year volunteers. Charles Russell and Charles Clark, both of Milldale, were among the volunteers from Southington. Southington soldiers composed nearly an entire company of the Twentieth Regiment.

The Twentieth Regiment, encamped in the fall of that year in Pleasant Valley, Virginia, was in a dilemma. Pay day had come and they had been paid in comparatively large bills (They received but thirteen dollars a month and found.) They found great difficulty in exchanging the bills for small sums so that they could buy the little necessities and luxuries which the government did not provide. Because of the lack of change they were in a situation where they might just as well have no money at all. It was extremely tantalizing.

But succor came from an unexpected source An Indian arrived at the encampment with a large sum of money of low denomination. For a small profit he could and would change the large bills of the soldiers to the small sums with which they could buy the things they desired.

The red man was immediately swamped with customers. Some of them may have tried to take advantage of the Indian, whose knowledge of currency apparently was not great. Charley Clark, who was later one of the original brothers of the Clark Brothers & Company, heard of the financial transaction and managed to locate the money-changer.

Surrounded by a group of soldiers, the Indian was doing a thriving business. Clark took a good look at him as one of the soldiers stepped aside.

It couldn't be—but yet it was. The small-change purveyor was none other than Joe Pembleton. Good old Joe coming down here from Marion to help the soldiers. That was real spirit for you.

As he watched the busy redskin and waited for his chance to speak to him, a doubt crossed Clark's mind. He turned and went to hunt up his friend, Charles Russell. As he turned, Joe looked up and seemed to recognize him.

Clark discovered Russell in his tent.

"Hey, Charley," he cried, "Joe Pembleton is down here changing big bills."

"That Indian who used to do odd jobs for us up in Marion?" asked Russell.

"Same one. Wonder where he got all his money."

"That good-for-nothing never had more than

a few cents at a time," said Russell. "This doesn't look just right to me."

"Let's go down and take a look at him," suggested Clark.

The two soldiers strolled back to the place where the Indian banker had set up shop. He was not in sight and the group had dispersed.

"Just up and ran out on us right after you left," volunteered one of the soldiers who had been changing his money.

"Let's see some of that small change," Clark demanded.

They examined the Indian's change carefully. It was counterfeit! The worm had turned and the noble red man had thoroughly "skinned" the conquering whites.

How much Joe had taken and where he went to was never known. He disappeared and was never seen again.

Alcohol and Humor

THE EVIL of strong drink in 1850 was as great as it had been in the past. The strong and logical lectures of those who believed in temperance fell on many deaf ears in Southington.

Nancy and Izaak were especially hard of hearing when this particular subject was brought up. To them the day was not complete if the fermented juice of the apple did not impart to them that pleasant glow of well-being. The one great difficulty was that the glow usually increased to a white heat, straining the relationship which was not amiable during those moments when liquor was not tingling their senses.

Those of the community who indulged not, neither did they weep, often declared that the original curse of mankind, the apple, had abated not one whit. Their reason for such a conclusion was readily apparent. Southington was blessed or cursed, according to the viewpoint of each individual, with a large number of fine apple orchards. Convivial souls, with the usual Yankee ingeniousness, had rigged up a number of homemade stills which produced an alcoholic refreshment known as "apple brandy."

The distilled apple juice was manufactured in a number of potencies. The first distillation brought forth a beverage called "low wine" which was served at many houses because of its excellent taste and its low alcoholic content.

The second distillation produced a "high wine," which could and did effect a distinct sense of exhilaration with but a small consumed quant-

ity. And then came the third distillation, which was almost pure alcohol. This "bottled lightning" was said to be potent enough to turn a mouse into a raging lion. Whether or not there is any truth to the report is not known definitely. At any rate, this third drink, called apple brandy, produced a wonderful and curious effect on the human system when taken in even small quantities.

To return to the Izaak and Nancy, who lived in the Mount Vernon section close to West street, it was said by their neighbors that the two were constantly quarrelling over whatever brandy might be in the house. They lived by farming, growing corn, potatoes, tomatoes and similar garden produce. What little money they collected usually went into provisions and brandy.

One spring morning Izaak took what money was in the house and went to Halley Whiting's store in the basin to purchase provisions. He returned a bit unsteadily with a few foodstuffs, a bulge in his pocket and a distinctly alcoholic breath.

As soon as he had deposited the provisions, under the ever watchful eye of his spouse, he pulled forth a flask of apple brandy from his pocket.

"See here, my dear," he cried gleefully, "a full pint." Then his brows lowered and he gritted out, "But you shan't have any of it."

And while his beloved wife looked on, he drank as much as he could and poured the rest into the stone sink.

There was practically nothing Nancy could do about the situation except sniff as the bouquet

of the drink filled the room. But Nancy didn't forget.

Sometime later, having carefully collected the family exchequer, Nancy set out towards Whiting's to replenish the stock of provisions. In her mind a carefullly thought-out plan of revenge. The day was warm and her admirable husband, after toiling in the fields, would be thirsty. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," thought Nancy.

Halley Whiting, the storekeeper, had a sense of humor and was the wag of the section. His practical jokes were the talk of the neighborhood. He had heard, as had nearly everyone nearby the couple, of the action of Izaak in refusing his wife even a drink of his brandy.

So, when Nancy walked into the store, he promised her a bottle of apple brandy, providing that she take it home with her. Nancy, who had contemplated buying the liquor, was more than happy. Having obtained her provisions, Whiting gave her a stiff drink and the bottle of brandy.

The day was nearly done when she reached home. Izaak had put away the horses and was sitting in the kitchen when she walked in. He was tired and thirsty and his temper, none too certain, was considerably frayed at the edges.

Nancy deposited her provisions in the cupboard and then went to the sink. She would not go part way in her mental torture. She had made up her mind to go the whole way and pour the entire bottle into the sink.

"Look, Izaak," she called, "you ain't goin' to get any of this." She pulled the cork from the bot-

tle and let it gurgle tantalizingly down the sink.

Her husband let out a roar and sprang to his feet. Before he could reach her nearly all of the bottle's contents had disappeared down the drain. He managed, however, to save a small quantity.

Placing the bottle to his lips he gulped down the liquid.

"Ugh!", he bellowed with great simplicity and disgust.

And Nancy's revenge was doubly as sweet. For Halley Whiting, seeking to play a joke on the poor lady, had filled the bottle with the purest of canal water.

The Blizzard of '88

THE DAY was warm, unseasonably warm, on that Saturday, March 10, 1888. Courageous, or perhaps foolhardy, people cast aside their heavy coats and outer clothing and stepped through the streets of Southington in a jaunty manner, exhilarated by the smell and feel of spring in the air. In the early evening the frogs took up their chorus. Certainly spring could not be far away.

Sunday was nearly as warm and the day, although not in midsummer, was almost sultry. About noontime the thermometer began to drop and those who had discarded their heavier garments made haste to don them. The weather indicated a light fall of snow. "Probably the breaking up of winter," said the old timers.

A light snow began to fall in the early evening with the temperature hardly below the freezing point. The snow continued during the night, although not in alarming quanities. Monday morning found a few inches on the ground when the people first arose and workmen and children starting to school early found little difficulty in traveling.

The snow continued during the early part of the morning but did not appear to be "making" very rapidly. Old timers again nodded their heads. Winter was practically over and spring was just around the corner. That corner was more distant than anyone suspected.

Suddenly a black cloud edged over the hills in the northeast. It seemed to be poised over the

community like a bird of prey. Then, with the speed of the wind, it swept down over the town.

With terrifying rapidity the sky grew dark and the air filled with sleety flakes of snow which defied the vision at distances further than a few paces. Thermometers, within a short time, dropped to fifteen degrees below zero.

The blizzard raged with blinding, smothering violence, unprecedented in the memory of those who experienced it. To attempt to go any distance in the storm was practically suicide. The drifts piled high in the paths and highways, making each step a struggle and quickly sapping the strength of the traveler. The wind, at almost hurricane velocity, buffeted those who dared the storm, making it almost impossible to travel against it. The sleety snow was driven against the faces of persons attempting to return home and soon encased the entire face with ice.

Sturdy houses shuddered as the wind blasted them and snow piled up at their bases, in many cases covering the entire ground floor. Factory workers remained at their shops and school children were taken to nearby homes or kept at the schools. Death waited to snare the unwary who presumed to battle the elements.

* * *

"Guess I'll have to use the sleigh this morning," said Charles B. Wallace, young Milldale meat dealer, as he prepared to go over his Cheshire route. It was six o'clock Monday morning and there was enough snow on the ground to make a wagon impractical. It wasn't very cold but he put on his sheep-lined coat which came to his knees

and heavy, felt boots. He hitched his two horses to his sleigh and started off in good spirits.

He had hardly reached Cheshire when the world suddenly darkened and he could hardly see fifty feet in any direction through the heavy curtain of snow following the black cloud which overcast the sky. The wind arose and drove sleety snow into his face and eyes.

"Home," he thought," is the proper place to be at a time like this." and his home was less than five miles away.

He started to return by the back road through Marion. Within a mile his horses were laboring over drifts which grew almost as he watched them. He huddled into a position which would afford him the greatest warmth and pulled his hat down over his ears. With the storm had come intense cold. To the horses, who knew the way almost as well as he, was left the job of keeping in the general direction of home. He could hardly see ahead of their white, straining bodies as they dragged the sleigh over the rapidly mounting drifts.

Suddenly one of the horses slipped, struggled wildly, and then fell. The animal had stepped off the sluice near Scott's. Mr. Wallace jumped into the snow and floundered to the struggling beast. By dint of hard work he managed to get the tired horse to its feet. As soon as the horse found itself on its feet it plunged ahead, dragging its mate along with it.

Mr. Wallace's startled "whoa" was torn away by the wind. The faithful animals, who would have obeyed his command had they heard it,

struggled ahead slowly, unaware that they were abandoning their master.

The sleigh was moving slowly. But the man, gripped by snow at places nearly up to his hips, moved even more slowly! His loudest shouts were born away by the wind as soon as they were uttered. The sleigh loomed less distinctly in the swirling snow. It seemed like a nightmare where one finds himself moving with nerve-shattering slowness towards a safety that just eludes the grasp.

Finally the horses and sleigh disappeared entirely and the tracks rapidly filled with snow. Mr. Wallace praised the thought that led him to don the heavy, short coat and felt boots. Had his coat been longer it would have been necessary to discard it in order to make any progress through the deep snow.

As it was, his strength seemed to ebb perceptably. As he moved through the high drifts he had to bring one leg nearly waist high, move it a few inches ahead and repeat the process with the other leg. The wind-driven, sleety snow started to form ice on his face and the bitter cold seemed to numb every part of his body.

Familiar landmarks by the road became distorted shapes of snow and sleet and, beyond a few feet, he could see nothing but the swirl of snow. Was he going in the right direction or simply wandering in the storm? To the danger and discomfort of the snow and cold came the horror of losing his sense of direction.

He was nearly at the point of exhaustion when a black mass loomed before him. A building

of some sort was only a short distance ahead of him. As he labored nearer, the outlines of the building became more distinct and he recognized it as the home of Mr. Casey, an acquaintance. With renewed hope he struggled through the drifts and, arriving at the door, pounded for admittance.

He nearly fell through the doorway as the door was jerked open. He was immediately ensconced by the fire and given warm draughts of steaming hot cider. As the hot liquid and the warmth of the room penetrated his numbed limbs the storm outside seemed to fade to unreality.

"Ive got some good news for you, Charley," said Mr. Casey. "Your horses and sleigh came by some time ago and I brought them into the barn."

"Thank heavens for that," breathed Charley in relief. "I was afraid they were gone for good."

After resting a short time, he started to put on his coat, which had been drying in front of the fire.

"I'll be starting along home now," he said.

"You'll be crazy if you try it," warned Mr. Casey.

"I can't help that, friend," returned Charley. "If I don't go home now my wife will be scared to death. And if I wait any longer it will be too late to try."

After absorbing all the heat he could, Charley and his friend ploughed their way to the barn and unhitched the horses from the sleigh. They shook hands solemnly and the meat dealer set out to cover the remaining distance home, riding one horse and leading the other.

Time and again the horses stopped, nearly exhausted, and both man and beast shivered in the biting wind and sleet. But the long legs of the horses gave them an advantage and they made better progress than a man afoot. At three o'clock in the afternoon they turned in at the drive of the Wallace home and the storm-beaten man found his family almost hysterical with joy over his return. Strange to say, he suffered no ill effects save fatigue. He attributed his escape from frozen limbs and face to the hot cider.

* * *

Dwight H. Bennett started to work a bit late Monday morning. Snow had covered the ground to a considerable depth and the wind had piled up huge drifts. It was not a far walk from Marion avenue, where he lived, to the H. D. Smith shop but the going was hard.

He labored through the snow until he was nearly in front of the house next to his own when a sudden gust of wind toppled him forward. He fell on the top of a hitching post and his breath went out of him with a wheezing groan.

He lay in the snow for a short time until he was able to breathe freely and then managed to reach the house in front of which he had fallen. The fall and the difficulty in getting through the snow made it impractical to continue on to work. His neighbor helped him return to his own home, which was only a few hundred feet away.

Adelbert Leonard, a close friend and a fellow-worker at the H. D. Smith plant, lived only four hundred feet the other side of Dwight's home. The two often visited and whiled away idle hours

in each other's company. Consequently, when Dwight decided that he had fully recovered from the effects of his morning mishap and was becoming irked by his captivity, he decided to pay "Del" a visit.

Bundling himself up with warm clothing, he set a straight course to his friend's home, only a few hundred feet away. The wind-driven snow made an impenetrable curtain through which he could see but dimly. He was familiar with almost every object between the two houses so he found little difficulty in keeping his sense of direction. It was necessary, however, to make little excursions to the right and left to avoid large drifts and he left a winding trail behind him.

He soon made his way to the Leonard home and knocked on the door. Stamping and brushing the snow from his boots and clothing, he looked around for his friend.

"Haven't you seen him?" asked Mrs. Leonard. "He just went over to your house to see you."

"He wasn't there when I left," Dwight replied.

Over in the Bennett home the same scene took took place. Mr. Leonard popped in and asked, "Where's Dwight?" He was assured that Dwight had just left to pay him a visit.

Mr. Bennett waited a few minutes at the Leonard's, thinking that his friend might return. After a short time, feeling warm again and supposing that Del was also waiting for him to return, he set out towards his own home.

Again came the battle with the wind, the

sleet and the snow but he soon floundered through to his home.

"Where's Del?" he asked as soon as he was in the house.

"He just left to look in his own home for you," he was told.

In the blinding storm between two houses only a few hundred feet apart, the two friends must have passed unknowingly within a few feet of each other not once, but twice!

* * *

In the town, the blizzard raged through the day. Many of the school children had been sent home when it had become apparent that the storm woud not abate soon. Others were taken to nearby homes and word sent to their parents that it was impractical to try to have them reach their home.

In the North Center school Principal Caldwell viewed the storm with dismay. The majority of his pupils came from considerable distance and it was impossible to send them home. The building was trembling from the blasts of the wind and the children, awed by the fury of the storm, were becoming frightened.

"No one leaves this building," Principal Caldwell ordered.

In the late forenoon, however, a number of anxious mothers became frightened at the non-appearance of their children. They did not know whether they had started from the school and been lost in the drifts or had remained in the dubious safety of the building, which was without food or other facilities to withstand a seige of several days.

A rescue party was quickly formed by C. D. Pierson, W. E. Finch, Dr. James E. Osborn, Dr. E. H. Andrews, Thomas McCaffrey, Charles Kilbourn, R. T. Davies, P. A. Whitney and J. C. Caldwell. Heavily clothed and armed with shovels they breasted the storm and finally reached the school by noon. The frightened children were escorted or carried through the drifts to their respective homes or to houses nearby where they could be given care for the duration of the storm.

* * *

A number of the men who had gone to the factories in the morning left early and managed to get home without too much difficulty. Others, however, decided that discretion was the better part of valor and remained in the plants until the next day.

George B. Finch, treasurer of the Aetna Nut company, started for home during the worst of the storm. Tiring from the effort of lifting his feet to clear the snow, he continued on his hands and knees and finally managed to reach his home.

Dr. Sullivan and E. Yeoman found one man stuck in a snowdrift. He was partly intoxicated and in no condition to get out of that particular drift, to say nothing of traveling any distance. Although half-frozen themselves, they managed to extricate him and bring him to a place where he could be given care. They undoubtedly saved his life.

* * *

The Monahan House was doing a thriving business. Weary, stormbeaten travelers, most of whom were trying to travel from one part of the

town to the other, gave up when they reached the Monahan House and, lured by the cheery light and warmth, decided to weather the storm in congenial company. Proprietor Rossetter, who had a large supply of provisions on hand, found no difficulty in adequately accomodating his guests. Because of the size of the drifts, he found it almost impossible to reach his barn to feed his horse, a condition which existed throughout the town. A careful study of the situation revealed a solution to the problem. Through a gable window high in the building he managed to make his way to the barn and satisfy the animal's hunger.

Fred Barnes left the Peck, Stow & Wilcox company plant at five o'clock Monday afternoon. By hard struggling he was able to get as far as the Monahan House and stopped in to get warm before continuing on his way to his home on Eden avenue. Ignoring the invitations to stay with the company gathered there, he again set out through the storm.

He managed to make fairly good time, assiduously avoiding all large drifts, until he reached the corner by Mr. Hatch's. Here a huge drift blocked the way.

Girding his loins, he prepared for the assault. In a few seconds he was up to his waist, and, floundering a few feet further, the snow reached to his shoulders. He must climb out of one hole which his body had made and gain a few inches before sinking through the snow again. He was exhausted before he was half-way through the drift.

He was not far from houses and he started to

shout, hoping that his voice would carry to those in the buildings. After a half an hour of frantic struggling and still more frantic shouting, Professor Trisch and Charles Zink heard his call and helped him out of the drift and to his home a few rods away.

Back at the Monahan House things were going smoothly. The number of guests was added to from time to time and, safe from the storm, were enjoying themselves.

D. P. Kelley went to the window to see if the storm was showing any signs of abating. He suddenly noticed a dark object in a huge drift not far away. As the snow swirl cleared a bit he made it out to be a man's head.

"Say," he shouted to the others, "there's a man stuck in a big drift out here. Get your coats on and we'll help him out."

Seven or eight men made haste to prepare themselves for the task and were soon battling their way to the trapped man. When they arrived at the drift they found the man almost in the exact center of the huge pile of snow. Only his head was visable.

Attacking the north side with shovels, they soon were able to dig him out of his predicament. Had they not reached him as soon as they did, he would have been covered completely by the drifting snow.

The man was helped to the welcome light and warmth of the inn. Mr. Kelley waited impatiently until they reached the shelter of the building and brushed the snow from the exhausted man.

It needed but one look to identify him. It was his own son, Larry Kelley!

* * *

The storm howled through Monday night and blustered its way into Tuesday morning. There were some signs that it would not continue much longer but at frequent intervals it raged as it had at the peak of its fury. Finally, at about five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the snowfall became lighter and the wind died down. At six o'clock the storm was almost completely over.

Snow shovels were at a premium. When a neighbor went to borrow one he was almost invariably met with the words, "It's Lent" a play of words on the season. Ingenious youngsters and men rigged up broad barrel staves for snow shoes and managed to get about. Stephen Walkley found that a plank would support his weight and reached his home by that medium.

It was impossible to accurately measure the actual depth of the snow fall. It varied from three to five feet on the level and piled as high as twelve feet in some places. A telephone pole, one of the few in town, was covered with snow up to its crosspieces.

The work of digging the town out was started immediately. Cattle and horses broke paths and shovels were plied incessantly. Most of the town had a network of paths by Thursday but many of the outlying farm houses were isolated for two and even three weeks. Traffic communication with the outside world was established Thursday.

The great blizzard of '88 was over, but it was an event that would be remembered a lifetime.

A Mysterious Disappearance

OCCULT or supernatural happenings in Southington appear to be few. No man, as far as is known, was able to point out a house and say, "That house is haunted." Superstitions and superstitious were plentiful but it is exceedingly difficult to lay one's hand on a really mysterious or supernatural incident.

This line of thought brings us to Edward Casey, a well-known truckman about town. Usually a sober, reliable man, he was given a large quantity of trucking in the community. Unfortunately for Mr. Casey, Morpheus or Bacchus stepped into his life at a most inopportune time and proved his undoing.

To vary the form of starting at the beginning, let us start at the end. The following advertisement was inserted in the August 7, 1902, issue of the Southington Phoenix.

> LOST, strayed, or stolen—Dump cart used by Ed. Casey, the property of C. D. Owen, somewhere on earth between Southington and Bristol. Finder will confer a favor upon both parties by sending word to them as soon as possible.

Late in July, 1902, Mr. Casey borrowed a cart from C. D. Owen to do an "odd job" or two around the center. In payment for use of the cart, Mr. Casey was to fill in Mr. Owen's land with any ashes that came his way.

The bargain proved satisfactory all around and for a day or two all went well. Then, three

days after the bargain was struck, Mr. Casey wandered into the blacksmith shop of William Horisk. It was nearly evening and Mr. Casey was extremely fatigued from a day's hard work. At least that is what he claimed later. "Billy" was just closing up and he led Mr. Casey, his tired steed and Mr. Owen's cart over Wolf Hill and started the three of them in the general direction of the Casey home in Mount Vernon. The cartman and his horse, both apparently in a happy frame of mind, continued on their way homeward in the straightest course they could map out.

Mr. Casey protests that the night, which had fallen by this time, was one of unusual darkness. Tired from the long day, it was no fault of his that he nodded a bit. One of the nods must have lasted a considerable length of time for either the horse or Mr. Casey became lost. It was rather silly of either of them, Mr. Casey admitted later, to get lost in Southington. But the night was darker than pitch and Mr. Casey undoubtedly fell asleep.

Suddenly Mr. Casey found himself together with the horse and cart, floundering around in a swamp near Lake Compounce. It was a most lamentable situation. In a short time the three wanderers were stuck fast in the mud.

The mental strain of such a situation was, of course, immense. Here was Mr. Casey. Here was the horse, whose name has unfortunately been lost to posterity. And here was the cart belonging to Mr. Owen. The night was dark and Mr. Casey did not have the slightest idea where he was or how long he had been there. He presumed that he was

still somewhere in Connecticut and let it go at that.

No one but a philosopher like Mr. Casey could have withstood the mental anxiety. But Mr. Casey was equal to the situation. He unharnessed the horse, turned over the cart, and lay down with his troubles and his nag for a good night's rest.

The sun peered over the horizon the next morning and must have gasped in amazement. There lay Mr. Casey, sleeping the sleep of the just. Just as comfortable was the horse, who, it is assumed, was also still sleeping. But the cart—the cart was nowhere in sight!

Mr. Casey awoke and after sundry stretching, looked about him. The snoring of the noble beast lying by his side reassured him. Then he noticed that the cart, of which he had a distinct recollection, was gone. That anyone could have stolen it was difficult to conceive, and that the cart could have been submerged in the mud, just as difficult. Mr. Casey was sure of just one thing. When he had gone to sleep, he had had a cart. When he awoke, the cart was gone.

At any rate, Mr. Casey came back to town with his horse. It was not known whether the horse carried Mr. Casey or Mr. Casey carried the horse. He revealed to Mr. Owen the fact that, in some unaccountable fashion, the cart had dissappeared.

A searching party was organized and many friends hunted for the vanished cart. It is said that some fortune tellers were evoked. But all to no purpose, for Casey's borrowed cart is among the things which are lost to the world and it is

believed that its whereabouts will remain a mystery forever. Perhaps the horse knew what happened to it, but the horse would not talk.

Mr. Casey lost his friend's cart and renewed his faith in supernatural happenings. Mr. Owen lost his cart and his faith in human nature. He henceforth refused to trust Mr. Casey with anything that could be lost.

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